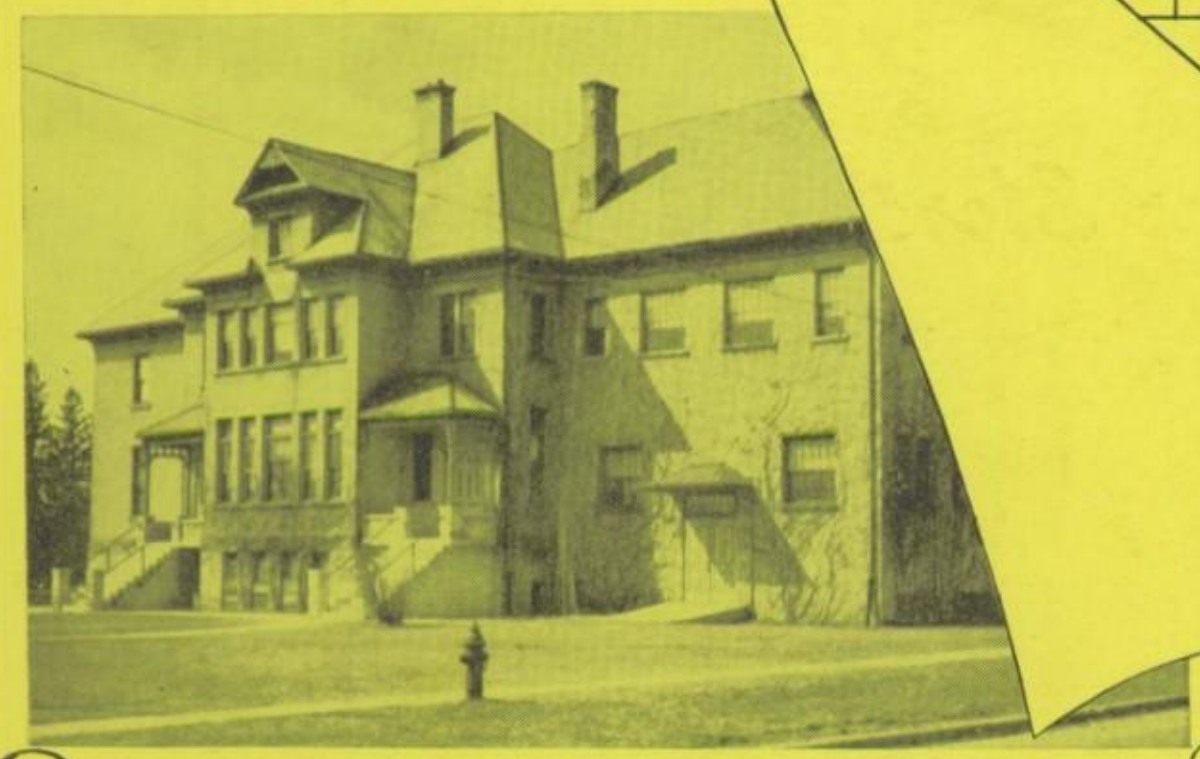
Gary E. Miller

1949-50



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TO THE BUILDING

WHICH HAS BEEN THE ALMA MATER

OF MANY OF THE YOUTH OF TILLSONBURG AND DISTRICT

AND WHICH HAS SERVED SO LONG AND SO WELL

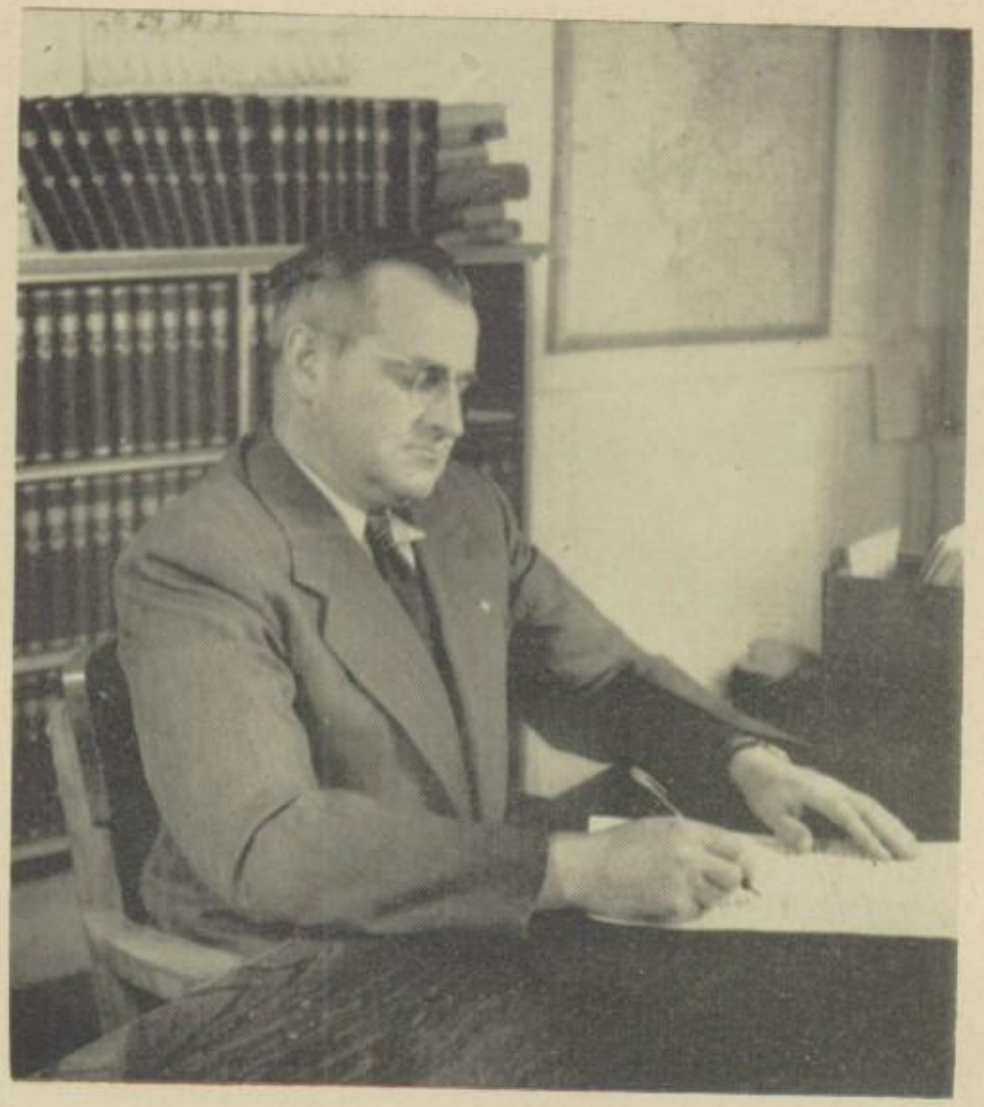
THE CAUSE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION IN THIS AREA

THE 1949-1950 TATLER

IS DEDICATED

WITH AFFECTION, GRATITUDE AND RESPECT

Ave Atque Vale



Foreword From The Principal

Again it is my happy privilege to commend the staff of the Tatler, the supervising teachers, and the students of T.D.H.S. on the publication of another fine edition of this old established year-book.

The term of 1949-1950, marks a milestone in the educational history of this community. This year, as we make preparations to move into our new building, we cannot help but look back over the years that this building has served our community. Its graduates have made their impression on our country, our community, and our way of life. From the halls of our old building many have entered the professions, business, agriculture, and industry and have enriched the life of many far-flung communities as well as our own.

At this time let us distinguish between our building and our school. We will be moving to our fine new building, but we earnestly hope that it will be the same old school with its high academic standing, its same old spirit, and with the same old colours flying. When this building has served its purpose, may the citizens look back with as much pride and satisfaction as we now feel in the old school.

I would like to express the appreciation of T.D.H.S. to our High School Board for their support and interest during the past year. They, as representatives of the communities making up our High School District, have put an unbelievable amount of time and work on the planning, building, and equipping of our new school. We of the present staff and student body are deeply grateful, as will be the future generations of this school district.

W. P. Kirkwood, B.A.,
Principal.

TILLSONBURG DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL BOARD

Rev. Fr. J. H. O'Neil, Mr. G. Haley, Mr. B. Neale, Mr. H. F. Johnston, Mr. H. A. Ostrander, Mr. S. Wightman, Mr. W. P. Kirkwood (Principal), Mr. W. Rock.

Absent: Mr. J. S. Ronson, Mr. D. Vallee (Chairman), Mr. K. Emerson.

A Message From the Chairman of the Board

I deem it an honour and a privilege to be serving the Tillsonburg district as Chairman of the High School Board for the year 1950.

Our members realize the trying conditions under which the staff and pupils have been forced to work during the past few years and we greatly appreciate your co-operation and understanding in this respect.

I wish also to pay tribute to my fellow Board Members and Mr. Kirkwood. Last year and this year especially have been very busy times for us. Of necessity, some have had to accept more work and responsibility than others but all have had their shoulder to the wheel and with whole-hearted co-operation our new building is going to be ready for the opening of school in September. Our architects, S. B. Coon & Son, and the general contractor, The Foundation Company of Canada, along with the several sub-contractors, deserve much credit for our building program to be progressing so favourably.

Several new courses will be available to the students when the new building opens. It is hoped you will avail yourselves of these opportunities as much as possible. The accommodation and equipment provided in the new school will be second to none in the province. Your Board is justly proud of this school, your staff will certainly appreciate it, and it is hoped the student body will be both proud and appreciative. It will be yours to use to the fullest.

In June you will be leaving the old building which has served this area well and

(Continued on Page Seventy-Six)

TEACHING STAFF

Mr. G. Hay ..... B.A., Toronto

Mr. R. D. Alexander ..... B.A., Toronto

Miss G. Ostrander ..... B.A., Western

Miss M. McIntosh ..... B.A., Toronto

Mrs. W. Barkman ..... B.A., Western

Mr. A. B. Taylor ..... B.A., Toronto

Mr. A. Beattie ..... B.A., Western

Miss G. Grieve ..... B.A., Western

Mr. R. J. Sinclair ..... B.A., Queen's

Mr. W. P. Kirkwood, Principal ..... B.A., Queen's

Miss R. Field ..... B.A., Queen's

Mr. W. Moore ..... B.A., Toronto

Miss M. Rock ..... B.A., Toronto

TATLER EDITORIAL STAFF

STANDING: D. Sykes, E. Simmons, D. Eckel, J. Scrimgeour.
SEATED: R. Prickett, R. Jones, G. Miller, A. Dean.
ABSENT: M. Stilwell, E. Moon, R. Rokeby.

EDITORIAL

This Tatler brings with it a note of sadness . . . of farewell. With the ending of the 1949-50 term, we mark more than the end of another school year—we mark the end of classes in the Tillsonburg High School building—old T.H.S. which has for fifty-six years, since 1893, been Alma Mater to hundreds, yes thousands, of Tillsonburg's youth. From these fading brick walls, through the worn portals, have passed generations of local students; some to glory and honor, some, perhaps, to obscurity, but all have carried with them the memories of happy moments and bright days spent within the shelter of her walls. To these ex-students, through the eternal gift of memory, the T.H.S. they knew will live on always.

But we, Tillsonburg's present pupils, go to a new building whose solid, shiny entrances and unmarred walls are empty of the tradition and memories that distinguished her predecessor—for we go to the new Tillsonburg District High School. Only the slow, solemn march of Time can fill these new halls and classrooms with rich traditions and history. What, then, can we take to our new Alma Mater? Is there some precious gift from this symbol of past days that can be given to the present and the future?

There is one thing that only students can transplant in the new T.D.H.S. That is spirit—School Spirit — the "never-say-die" fighting spirit that carried so many T.H.S. teams in the past to glorious victories and honorable defeats. Let us retain this old spirit as we go forth to compete for our new sovereign, to bring her laurels on the athletic field, the debating platform, and in all school activities. Let us remember this

(Continued on Page 43)

TATLER BUSINESS STAFF

STANDING: Miss Grieve, R. Gibson, R. Heckadon, K. Webster, Mr. Moore.
SEATED: J. McQueen, L. Law.

TATLER STAFF

Editor .....Gary Miller, XII
Assistant Editor .....Ann Dean, XII
Alumni .....Donald Sykes, XIII
Prose and Fiction .....Jean Scrimgeour, XIII
Boys' Sports .....Douglas Eckel, XII
Girls' Sports .....Marilyn Stilwell, XIII
Languages .....Richard Jones, XII
Poetry and Cartoons .....Edith Moon, XII
Music .....Elizabeth Simmons, XII
Humour .....Richard Rokeby, XIII
Photography .....Ronald Prickett, XIII
Business Manager .....Robert Heckadon, XII
Advertising .....Jane McQueen, Lois Law, Ken. Webster, Dick Gibson
Adviser to Business Staff .....Mr. Moore
Adviser to Editors .....Miss Grieve

Tillsonburg High School 1886-1950

It is entirely fitting as we leave behind this old outer shell of T.H.S.—as we are moulting, as it were—that we glance back through the years to its conception, creation and growth.

It was during the last quarter of the nineteenth century that the need for more advanced education in Tillsonburg came to be realized. A movement for the establishment of a high school here was led by Dr. L. C. Sinclair, and in 1886, T.H.S. first came into being. Four classrooms were added to the public school building, and two of these were placed at the disposal of the high school board. The Honourable G. W. Ross was invited to visit the town, and lend his influence to assist so important a step.

At first only two teachers were employed, A. W. Reaveley, B.A., principal, and Stephen Burwash, B.A., assistant. Later Mr. A. E. Raynes of the Kensington Art School, London, England, was engaged to teach drawing two days a week.

The sum of one hundred dollars was devoted to the purchase of scientific apparatus and reference library. On the opening day in September, 1886, about twenty pupils resident in the town, and nearly as many from the surrounding country presented themselves for enrolment.

By 1893, Tillsonburg High School had so won the confidence of the people of the town, that a vote of the taxpayers authorized the erection of a separate building for its use. A site for this proposed building was donated by the late E. D. Tillson, and on January 1, 1894, the new structure was ready for use. It was only the centre section of the present school which comprised the earliest T.H.S., and its opening necessitated the engaging of a fourth teacher to act as second assistant to the principal. The first principal held that post for eight years, and was succeeded by J. E. Minns.

From the beginning the enrolment of the school has gradually increased each year, and more than forty years ago the situation was such that the present west wing had to be added to the original building. Again in 1922, a need for more space forced the construction of the east wing containing gym and laboratories. For a number of years the larger of the two rooms on the second floor of this section was used as an assembly hall until equipment was installed to make it the "Junior Lab" some fifteen years ago.

By 1930, enrolment was still on the upsurge, and had reached the 220 mark. An old edition of the **Tatler** notes with interest that during the 1930-31 term, there were twenty-five more boys than girls at T.H.S.!

Prior to World War II, the Board was again moved to attempt to combat overcrowding in the high school by the ever-growing number of students seeking education here. The early years of the '40's saw the growth in popularity of the school-bus system. Young people from outlying areas who in former years would often have had to either board in the town or forego the benefits of attendance at T.H.S. now found the high school easily accessible by bus.

By the end of the war, Tillsonburg High School was virtually bursting its seams to such a degree that the need for still more classroom space meant another addition. In January, 1947, the new three-room annex was ready for occupancy. This action resulted in the first local step toward the modern trend in diversified high school curriculums—a choice between general or commercial course.

However, the annex provided only temporary relief, for exactly twelve months after its opening the plan for a high school district went into effect. The addition of more students from the surrounding townships and later the village of Vienna shot enrolment figures to an unprecedented peak in Tillsonburg's history. On January 1, 1948, our Alma Mater was no longer Tillsonburg High School, but rather Tillsonburg District High School.

The plans for an entirely new school which had been slowly developing for several years were now speeded up. Everyone talked about and longed for "the new school," and finally in June, 1949, plans for an ultra-modern $575,000 structure began to be carried out by the Foundation Company of Ontario on a new fourteen-acre site on Tillson Avenue.

Thus, Tillsonburg's old high school has grown from two rooms, two teachers and forty students to a building of twelve classrooms, a faculty of thirteen and an enrolment of 450. Next year's T.D.H.S. will

have more rooms, more teachers, more students. I am sure that it is the wish of everyone during our last year in the old school that the new may flourish as the old has done.

To the T.H.S. which we shall soon leave forever, I may say, in the words of the valedictorian of a recent graduating class, "Whate'er our destinies may be, we shall remember you."

Richard Jones, XII.

Thank You

The Tatler staff wishes to thank the teachers and the School Board for their valuable assistance and all those students who helped by contributing material for this magazine. Even the unpublished work was appreciated.

Special thanks go to the Commercial form for their secretarial aid, and to the publisher for their important part. The work of Jerry, our faithful photographer, has been invaluable.

Aud our deepest thanks to our advertisers without whose valuable (financial) aid this Tatler would have been impossible.

Tatler Staff,
1949-1950

P.S. We must not forget the diligence of our industrious (?) ad collectors, Ken Webster, Dick Gibson, Lois Law and Jane McQueen, and that genius who was the "brain behind the bankbook," Robert Heckadon.

Dear Editor:

Being an active student of T.D.H.S., I am taking the liberty of writing to you concerning the matter of homework. I, along with many others, believe too much homework is handed out, especially just before examinations. We understand that the teachers have to cover a certain amount of their course in time for the examinations, and so at the end of the term when we should, and want to study, we find ourselves laden with homework. I realize this is rather late in the year to discuss this problem, but I hope that it may be rectified in some way next year.

Yours sincerely,

G. J. H.

In Memoriam

It is with deep regret that we record the death during the past year of Mr. Walter Wright.

At his retirement in 1945 Mr. Wright had been caretaker of Tillsonburg High School for nearly a quarter of a century. Although of the pupils now attending this school only the few who were in attendance in 1945 remember him as a part of the school life, "Walt" is recalled by a host of former students as a person who helped to make many school activities a success through his co-operation.

Mr. Wright gave a great deal of attention to the basketball teams and rifle team and, being an ardent fan, was usually on hand to watch their performances.

His popularity was expressed by a student in the 1931 Tatler in which "Walt" was praised for his ready interest in the pupils and sympathy with their problems.

Even after his retirement Mr. Wright showed enthusiasm for the High School and he often used to visit the site of our new school to watch its progress.

To the relatives of Mr. Wright, the High School staff and students express sincere sympathy.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

—Campbell.

On January 15, 1950, a banquet was given at Michigan State College, honouring students achieving an "All A" academic record. Among these was a former T.H.S. student, Harley N. Hotchkiss of Straffordville, a Junior in Science and Arts.

VALEDICTORY

(T.D.H.S. Commencement, December, 1949)

By N. Rokeby

"Mr. Kirkwood, fellow-graduates, honourable gentlement of the board, members of the faculty, ladies and gentlemen:

"It is my privilege and honour to be here this evening to take leave of you on behalf of the graduates of 1949.

"It is with considerable diffidence that I am present here this evening. I find my emotions stirred to pride and thankfulness, but yet a note of sadness permeates my mind. We are proud of having been part of T.H.S. and of taking our place beside the other graduates with whom we began public school, and among them we issue from T.H.S. About 60 years ago, those first graduates of 1886 attended classes in part of the public school and among them we find two particularly outstanding citizens: V. A. Sinclair, who was for many years chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Board of Ontario, and Brig. Gen. Mitchell, former principal of the School of Practical Science of Toronto.

"In 1908 and again in 1922 increased enrolments necessitated additions to the original T.H.S. which was built in 1893. From this newly modernized building Mr. Dalton Dean graduated. The graduates of 1949 feel honoured to be numbered with this Rhodes Scholarship winner and outstanding lawyer. These are but few of the many graduates of T.H.S. who have become doctors, lawyers, engineers, university professors, teachers and ministers, filling important roles in the cities, towns and villages across Canada. To this distinguished group we are proud to be added as the graduates of 1949. We are fortunate to become part of the colourful history of our school whose graduates have always been characterized by high scholastic attainments.

"The graduates of 1949 are thankful for the very capable teaching staff whose untiring efforts have helped us start up the ladder toward success. We have all been encouraged by their excellent leadership and fine example. We owe a debt of gratitude to our parents and the people of this province for making our attendance at T.H.S. possible. We would also like to express our appreciation to the members of the board who so successfully conduct the business of the school and so carefully select the teaching staff.

"We are sad because this evening marks the end of our careers at T.H.S. Perhaps only now when we find ourselves beyond the classroom door do we consciously realize the rich full life we enjoyed within T.H.S. When we met as a group for the last time in June, few of us realized how completely we would be scattered in six months' time. The absence of many classmates silently bespeaks the utter finality of that dispersal. We have gone forth to the universities, trade schools and the school of life. Our happy memories of life at T.H.S. take on a melancholy aspect as we realize it is over forever. Happy memories of football games, commencement exercises, basketball games and championships won still glimmer in the mist that is past. There were memories of hard work, examinations and sacrifices but they have long been forgotten. In considering this latter group we should like to quote from a member of the staff: 'Six months from now you people won't remember anything about the game you might have missed so you could do all your homework, but you will remember your final standing.'

"Tonight we received official recognition of that final standing. These diplomas are our tickets to the game of life. Looking back we realize that these are the most valuable tickets we ever held. These diplomas signify that we have been trained in the principles of that game that everyone plays. It is now our duty to make the most of our entrance into a new game. It is our duty to indicate the efforts of the faculty who prepared us. It is our duty to our parents to prove the success of that training. It is our duty to ourselves to employ that training toward becoming responsible citizens. In short, we must adhere to our alma mater's principles which form the nucleus of the traditions surrounding T.H.S.

"This evening we see T.H.S. standing on the threshold of a new adventure. In about one year's time classes will be called to order in the new school. The new building will allow additional courses as well as accommodation for more pupils. You who enter that building should regard yourselves as very fortunate. You will probably see definite changes in your programs as education in Ontario undergoes a reformation. In

fact, you are bound to feel changes, even our motto says 'Non Progredi est Regredi' which I will translate very freely as 'You can't stand still.' So, through the years that lie ahead, we entrust to your care and protection the spirit of our alma mater. May you with it advance as it has always done.

"To my fellow graduates I merely say, 'Farewell,' but this simple word means 'May you do well.' Friends, school-mates, fellow-graduates, 'May you keep on doing well'."

Scholarship Winner

Last year's valedictorian, Noel Rokeby, was awarded a Dominion-Provincial Scholarship, valued at four hundred dollars. We wish to congratulate Noel on winning the award and to express our sincere hope that the scholarship and industry that earned him this reward may bring him even greater success as he continues his studies at university.

Tatler Prizes

This year's Tatler contests were judged by groups consisting of teachers. We are grateful for their valuable service, and for the generosity of the Literary Society who donated the prizes.

Farewell

(School Life . . . Honourable Mention)

Farewell old school with barren walls,
And stuffy rooms and crowded halls,
With shaky desks and squeaky floors;
In June, for good, we close your doors.

Memories here are soft and sweet.
Around the fountains some do meet.
"Steadies" in the corners stand,
While others dream of distant land.

But now we leave you once for all.
We enter our new school this fall,
And you, old school, retire at last!
You've done your job and now you're past.

B. Truefitt, XIB.

Alumni

Many of the former students of our beloved school have stepped out into the world, and with them goes our wish for their every success in the future. A great number of last year's Grade XIII have continued their studies in higher institutes of learning.

Those attending London Normal School are the following: Ronald McCurdy, Donald Neale, Eleanor Tait, Beatrice Thompson and Leone Turner.

Two of our former boys are in Toronto. Douglas Ashman is taking Industrial Chemistry at Ryerson Institute of Technology, and Anthony (Tony) Slama is taking Social and Philosophical Studies at Toronto University. Marjorie Howey is also in Toronto attending Bible College.

William Fletcher (Honor Science), Mary Lou Grass (Laboratory Technician), Noel Rokeby (History), and Ted Tillson are trying their luck at the University of Western Ontario.

Westervelt has claimed both Marie Scanlan and Helen Spanics.

Residing at present at McMaster University, Hamilton, are Reg. Mason (Law) and Eric Steele (Biological Science).

There ought to be several fine nurses in the future, for five of last year's girls are training for nurses. They are Helen Brown (Brantford General), Eleanor Collings (Hamilton General), Marilyn Milmine (Victoria Hospital, London), Margaret Sandham (Windsor, Grace Hospital), and Donna Wickham (Hamilton General).

Those continuing Grade XIII are John Eppel, Joe Longstaff, Nick More, George Teall, and Ken Webster.

Betty Burnett and Faye Hall considered married life a good career.

A few students have found it necessary to turn to the more laborious side of life. Faye Scott is working at a local garage. Joe Salcak is clerking in the Tillsonburg A. and P. store. Donald O. Dean has turned to farming. Marguerite Heibert is teaching school and John Nichols joined the Air Force last autumn.

DONALD SYKES, XIII.

GRADE XIII GRADUATES, 1950

John Eppel

Donald Currie

George Teall

Shirley Holland

Jean Scrimgeour

Anita Hall

Donald Sykes

Jack Culp

William Eichenberg

Sally McQueen

Ruth Monk

Margaret Mekker

Ronald Prickett

Kenneth Webster

Richard Gibson

Vivian Thompson

Ann Pauls

Amelia Gerhardt

Wallace Fletcher

Nick More

Russell Mannell

Charles Ketchabaw

Jennie Denys

Marilyn Stilwell

Commercial Graduates 1950

Donald Lee

Georgette Demaiter

Richard Rokeby

Betty Williams

Harvey Smith

Barbara Mason

Joseph Longstaff

Ruby Makins

Mary Sloboda

Mary Demaiter

Betty Smith

Mary Jean Crosby

Helen Pettifer

Lorna Tupper

Lloyd Rogers

Marilyn Wellman

Robert Ravin

Sandra Corbett

Richard Peacock

Muriel Deller

Douglas Palmer

Editor-In-Chief 1907

For some forty or more years, your humble servant has had a yen to write an article for The High School **Tatler,** but not until this last winter have I found a worthy subject to which to devote my untried journalism. I have in my possession several issues of the **Tatler,** including the original edited in October, 1907.

In relating a story, either written or oral, if the narrator can say he was there when the event happened, he immediately can command the attention of his audience. Thus I trust this article will be of some interest to the readers of your valued paper, as it contains the meeting, after over forty years, of principal J. E. Minns, and the writer, a student in the old four-roomed school. Memory serves one well in recalling the turmoil of the editorial staff attendant upon the birth of the first **Tatler.**

Mr. Minns had come to Tillsonburg two years previously, and left a year later. During his sojourn as head of our school, he had as assistants, Mr. W. L. Kidd, Miss H. Hindson, now Mrs. W. L. Lindsay, and Mrs. M. Tate. In 1909 he accepted the principalship at Newmarket, later winding up an illustrious teaching career with a successful inspectorship of Secondary Schools in the Eastern part of Ontario. Retired some thirteen years ago, he now makes his home in Florida, where he is an active member in the Canadian Society of the Shuffle Board Club.

It was in the City of St. Petersburg in the month of March this year, through the kindness of our mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kidd, that the former principal and the former student sat down for an afternoon chat. After introducing ourselves, a goodly amount of conversation had to be executed to bring the intervening years up to date. Naturally, as we chatted, former Tillsonburg students and events were highlighted. Seventeen enquiries were made and successfully answered. The professional status of those former students enquired about were as follows: three doctors, two high school teachers including a principal, one dentist, one banker, one farmer, one United Church minister, two merchants, one captain of Mounties, on high school inspector, one matron, and three housewives.

Our interview ended with an oral picture of the new area school which is fast becoming a reality.

Concluding, I would admonish students in after years to seek out their former instructors. The pleasure of such a meeting will be mutual. To our teaching staff, may your years of retirement be as full of pleasure and gracious living as this writer finds those of yesterday. To the Editor, as a recipe for longevity, urge classmates to join the editorial staff, or become members of the teaching profession. For an early demise, become a board member. Proof Volume 1, No. 1, 1907, **Tattler,** spelled originally with two T's.

H. A. Ostrander.

Cadets

Again this year the Cadet Corps is working under Captain G. C. Hay and its capable officers, hoping to bring back the shield to decorate the empty spot on the wall.

The Band, mat-squad, signallers, and other demonstration groups are also practising faithfully to help Tillsonburg make a good showing.

LITERARY SOCIETY

STANDING: J. Scrimgeour, P. Ross, R. Gregson, R. Jones, I. Aldworth, A. Stover, M. Cooper.
SEATED: A. Dean, H. Pettifer, N. Mason, V. Thompson, R. Gibson, V. Vance, G. Miller.
ABSENT: R. Ravin, D. Richards, B. MacLennan, V. Laur.

Elections

Last November, Tillsonburg District High School was in the grip of one of the most active election campaigns that the old school has ever witnessed.

There was an air of convivial competition lurking about the dim halls, as two fifth formers, Jean Scrimgeour and Vivian Thompson, led their contesting parties to battle for the Literary Society laurels. Miss Vivian Thompson, candidate for President, sparked an active, and I might add devastatingly effective, campaign for the Demophile party. Opposing her, Miss Jean Scrimgeour, in keeping with a sedate character, led a more conservative campaign for the Popfohad party.

The Popfohad party started its campaign under the appealing yet fantastic banner of "Protectors of Pupils From Overburdening Homework and Detentions." It appears that the appeal of this idea was overshadowed by the noon-time concerts, kiss-candies, and conga-lines presented by the more ostentatious Demophile party. The blast of Bill "Gabriel" Popham's trumpet can still be heard ringing through the halls on a quiet evening, serving as a reminder of a pleasant week of campaigning.

Behind the showy displays, posters and general merry-making, there was a great deal of midnight oil burned and a few industrious souls went to a great deal of work to provide a good time for all.

The Demophiles were continually wracking their brains to think up something new to offset the inevitable retaliations by the opposing party; however, the Popfohad party felt that they were lacking in that

chorus-girl appeal which the Demophiles so aptly demonstrated and thus refrained from any such displays.

The day for speeches arrived, much to the disappointment of the party members, and the fourteen budding public servants were given the opportunity to present their final plea for votes or mercy, whichever the case might be. Before the assembled school, in trembling hope, the following fourteen candidates appeared: Vivian Thompson, Dick Gibson, Edith Moon, Helen Pettifer, Noel Mason, Richard Jones and Ann Dean, under Demophile flag, and Jean Scrimgeour, Dick Rokeby, Vicki Vance, Kathleen Sandor, Robert Ravin, Gary Miller, and Marg. Howey supporting the Popfohad banner.

The main election issue was the choice between a very active, radical group of enterprising entertainers and a middle-of-the-road group following a more liberally conservative doctrine.

The election results showed that the electorate voted on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush or in this case, one demonstration of a party's activity is worth twenty promises of the abolition of student slavery. The final result was an overwhelming victory for the Demophile party in all but two positions. Gary Miller and Vicki Vance were the two Popfohads who checked the Demophile landslide.

As anyone who has witnessed the varied bi-weekly assemblies, the exceptional "Hop" and this, our own Tatler, will agree, the electorate made wise choices and those honored souls who were elected have produced a suitable finale to the years of Literary Society activities in our 1893 model High School and also have produced a challenge for the societies of the new school.

RICHARD ROKEBY, XIII.

Commencement

Our Annual Commencement Exercises were held in the auditorium of the Town Hall on Friday, December 2. As usual, the programme was opened with the singing of "O Canada" and the T.D.H.S. school song.

Under the direction of Miss Field, accompanied by Gerald Webster at the piano, the Glee Club sang the well-known "Bless This House" and the lively "Big Brown Bear."

The T.D.H.S. orchestra, ably directed by Steve Choma provided music during the programme.

A piano solo was rendered by Richard Jones, a violin solo was rendered by Charles Ketchabaw, and a waltz was danced in ballet style by Edwina Heckford. All three added enjoyment to the evening.

This year's Valedictorian was Noel Rokeby who now attends the University of Western Ontario, London.

Mr. Kirkwood addressed the audience for the final time in the Town Hall. He stated that next year the Commencement Exercises would be held in the school auditorium of the new Tillsonburg District High School.

During the evening, certificates, diplomas, Proficiency and Sports awards were presented to the various students by Mr. J. S. Ronson, Mr. H. F. Johnston, Mrs. J. A. Gillett, Mrs. W. B. Hogarth and Mr. S. Wightman.

The programme was closed with "God Save the King," and a dance was held at the High School.

Marg Howey, XII.

(Continued on Page 69)

The Fountain

"Sayings"

"Veni, Vidi, Vici,
I came, I saw, I beat it."

T.D.H.S. Puppet Club

The T.D.H.S. Puppet Club had a busy and exciting time at the Fair this year. The show was scheduled for four o'clock Tuesday, September 20th, but because of competition of salesmen of hot dogs and cotton candy, a cowboy yodelling, and "Hurry! hurry! Step right up folks," the show started about four-thirty. Peter Gibson's clown and Ann Dean's elephant pleased the children with its water-shooting act. (The source of water was Jean Anderson.) Paderewski, the concert pianist, favoured the audience with his musical talent which isn't anything without Elizabeth Gibson. Ann and Peter staged a breath-taking bullfight without the help of Miss Field's phonograph, which, as you know, only works when it feels like it. The play was "The Three Wishes," directed, operated and read by Ruth Hawkins, Betty Burn, Jean Anderson, Elizabeth Gibson, and Ann Dean.

For the second activity of the year the Puppet Club staged a Nativity Scene in the Christmas assembly. Shirley Milmine and Mary Mason read the Christmas Story, and the coloured lights, manger and Wise Men pictured the story as it was read. The richly-costumed puppets and the soft lighting of the little stage made a beautiful and effective scene.

The present personnel of the Club consists of Ruth Hawkins, Elizabeth Gibson, Betty Burn, Mary Mason, Shirley Milmine, Ruby Mills, and Gloria Haycock (part-time!).

RUTH HAWKINS, XII.

Class Party

Earlier in the year, before Christmas and exams, the students of Grade XIB held a class party. Students from Grade XIA were invited and a few attended under the organization of funds by Margaret Cooper.

Skating was enjoyed first by the students at the local Arena and nearly everybody, including Mr. Sinclair, wanted to try their luck out on the blades, before going to the school for dancing and refreshments. A number of the teachers were invited and after a few popular records were played and danced to, everybody set forth into a regular old square dance, with Miss Field, Miss Grieve, and Miss Rock leading the way. Hearing the call to the refreshments everyone hustled up the stairs to the Junior Lab. where chocolate milk, doughnuts, cookies, and various kinds of candies were served.

The party broke up about eleven-fifteen with everyone agreeing that they had had an enjoyable evening. Much credit goes to Mr. Hay, Maybelle Thompson, Leonard Libitz and Jacqueline MacDonald for the part they played in making the party a success.

DAVID RICHARDS,XIB.

ORATORS

C. Wilkinson, C. Russ, R. Jones, R. Gregson, M. Thompson, C. Carson, J. Hibbert.

Junior Oratorical Contest

The annual Junior and Senior Public Speaking Competitions were held in the Tillsonburg Town Hall, Thursday, February 23rd. Although the actual Senior contest was held on Thursday evening, only the two winning Juniors delivered their addresses, as they had been judged previously at the High School.

The prize-winning Junior, Richard Gregson, who spoke on "Mahatma Gandhi," was presented with the Lions Club Boys' trophy.

Corinne Carson with her subject "Barbara Ann Scott" was judged the Junior Girls' winner and received the Lions Club trophy for the girls.

LOIS LAW, XIB.

CADET BAND

STANDING: D. Hutchinson, D. Robinson, D. Campbell, R. Mannell, R. Gibson, W. Popham, C. Ketchabaw, J. Louch, R. Lucas, W. Eichenberg.

KNEELING: Allward, J. Culp, K. Ross, W. Smith, R. Claringbold.

ABSENT: D. Murr, R. Pearson, L. Claringbold, M. Jones.

Senior Oratorical Contest

The Senior Public Speaking Contest was held Thursday evening, February 23rd, in the Tillsonburg Town Hall, with Mr. Kirkwood acting as chairman.

Richard Jones was judged the best speaker of the evening and the best speaker in the boys' division. He was presented with the Lions Club Trophy. Clifford Russ was the runner-up.

In the girls' division Joyce Hibbert received first place and was presented with the Lions Club Trophy. Maybelle Thompson was the runner-up.

All speeches, prepared and impromptu, were delivered well and all were laudable. The speakers and their topics were as follows: Maybelle Thompson, prepared speech, "Personality" and impromptu, "The Arena"; Richard Jones, "Modern Advertising" and "The Radio Commentator"; Clifford Russ, "Agriculture" and "Britain's Coming Election"; Joyce Hibbert, "Foreign Correspondents" and "The Trouble With Parents"; Cyril Wilkinson, "Canada In The Next Half Century" and "The School Bus."

The contestants were judged by Miss Evelyn Williams, Mr. S. Wrightman and Mr. Weir. The awards were presented to the winners by Mr. Weir.

With Richard Jones as best speaker of the evening, the other speakers were placed in order of merit as follows: Joyce Hibbert, Maybelle Thompson, Clifford Russ, and Cyril Wilkinson.

All contestants are to receive crests, presented by the T.D.H.S. Literary Society.

DICK GREGSON, XA.

CADET OFFICERS—1950

STANDING: R. Prickett, R. Rokeby, D. Sykes, H. Smith, D. Palmer, K. Webster, G. Gyulveszi.
KNEELING: D. Lee, R. Peacock, S. Mayorcsak, D. Currie, N. More.

"Christmas In 10 A"

A person could not come into our home room without feeling that Christmas was in the air during the week before the holidays.

We had a Christmas tree on the table, adorned with icicles and colored balls. Above the blackboards hung garlands of evergreen and ropes of red and green. Coloured balls were suspended ever from the window blinds. In chalk on the side board was the jolliest Santa in Tillsonburg, thanks to Eddie. All these decorations were planned by a committee from 10A.

On Monday, December 19th, Miss Grieve gave her Latin period for a Christmas program. The Christmas Story was read from Luke 2:1-20 and Matthew 2:1-12, while the students followed it in Latin.

We sang Christmas carols in Latin and Miss Grieve explained the reason why Christmas is celebrated on this day and in the manner it is. She then passed little novelty cookies with silver buttons, chocolate eyes and pink fingers as a reminder of the gifts to children in the Roman Saturnalia. Of course they were too pretty to eat (just then), so we put them away. The party ended when Mr. Alexander came in and gave us a Math lesson.—By Marion Jones and Donna Franklin.

———o———

Miss Grieve—Stand up and answer with a good sentence.

Bob Galloway—Yes.

The 1950 "At Home"

One of the Tillsonburg District High School's most successful dances was held in the gymnasium on Friday evening, February 17th. The "Hop," as it is frequently called, was under the supervision of Miss Vicki Vance, our Social Vice-President.

Vicki had remarked earlier in the year that since this was to be our last year in the old school, she hoped her "Hop" would be one of the finest and most memorable. Your expectations were not in vain, Miss Vance, for it really was a 'hum-dinger.'

On entering the beautifully decorated gymnasium, we were warmly received by Vicki, Vivian Thompson, the President of the Literary Society, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood, and Mr. Vallee, Chairman of the Tillsonburg District High School Board, with Mrs. Vallee.

After Richard Jones had most cordially given them their dance cards, the Cinderellas of the evening were guided around the ballroom by their Prince Charmings in time with the wonderful music of Bobby Downs' Orchestra.

We looked at the beautiful white, pink and blue streamers and balloons, the angelic figures and the clouds of spun glass that were floating about us. But, lo and behold, as we glided past the middle of the floor, the picture changed entirely. All sorts of vile monsters and devils were staring at us, and balloons and streamers of red, yellow and black were hanging above our heads. Well—to sum it all up, the gym was most cleverly decorated to resemble Hades and Heaven.

After the Grand March, the girls looked at their dance cards, artistically designed by Edith Moon. On the front was drawn a gold harp and caught among the strings was a black devil.

The spot dances of the evening were won by Shirley Jones and Bill Popham and Betty Burn and George Gyulveszi. The winners were chosen by Vicki and her escort, Bob Scott. Jerry Mansfield took pictures of some of the students and teachers to put in the Tatler.

As one o'clock approached, everyone sighed to think the evening had gone so fast. Then Bobby Downs played his theme song. After the dance, everyone agreed that a wonderful time was had by all. Thank you, Vicki, for a memorable "At Home"!

Special thanks go to the various committees who assisted Vicki in the dance preparations. Miss Helen Pettifer, the Secretary of the Literary Society was responsible for hiring Mr. Downs and sending out the invitations. Many thanks to Mr. Alexander who looked after the refreshments.

The art and decorating committees consisted of Dorothy Helsdon, Jane McQueen, Lois Law, Gloria Haycock, Bonnie Moore, Dalton Murr, Shirley Eichenberg, Bob Scott, Buzz Palmer, Dick Peacock, Richard Jones, Edith Moon, Mr. Taylor and many others.

BARBARA MASON, XIII.

What Would Happen In 10B If

Alan Turner could ever find his geography book.

Bob Claringbold quit bothering other people.

Campbell learned to stay away from the pool room.

Dorothy did not see Larry for a whole day.

Ervin ever knew what his homework was.

Florence failed to be noticed by Mr. Hay.

Gladys Miller ever got over her cold.

Hotchkiss stopped combing his hair.

I didn't have to do my homework on the bus.

Jackson didn't have that sweet grin.

Popham used kinetic energy.

Lambert didn't know her history.

Morrison always had to share her glasses with Mary Elizabeth.

Newman failed to try to eat apples in Miss Grieve's class.

Osborne ever rose above zero in geography.

Pegg stopped bothering the boys.

Roy Stewart lost his two false teeth.

Tondreau forgot to choke on Mr. Hay's questions.

The rest of 10B were not mentioned in this masterpiece.

By Shirley Loucks.

Mr. Hay—Karl Marx and Engels started a political doctrine which led to the Red Revolution in Russia. What connection is there with these men in our modern world?

Bob Heckadon—The Marx Brothers.

GLEE CLUB AT COMMENCEMENT

Why Homework For Students Should Be Abolished

There are, naturally, both pros and cons to every controversial subject; but except for the fact that homework keeps many students out of mischief and off the streets at night, I think on the whole, it causes much unhappiness. I know the teachers won't agree with me, but I am speaking for all the scholars of to-day.

We sit in the uncomfortable desks of this long-established institution all day until four o'clock. After this time, I think we should be able to do as we wish—within reason of course—be able to enjoy recreation of some sort perhaps.

Most students love to get together after school hours and go down to Thomson's to gossip over a marshmallow sundae, go to basketball or hockey games and to the movies at night. If they didn't have any homework they could do these things oftener and really have loads of fun.

If we didn't have homework, we would appreciate school and everything connected with school a great deal more. We wouldn't think it such a task to come each day.

I believe a certain Act of Parliament states that children within high school age should not work more than eight hours a day. This law is broken because the average student works approximately ten hours including the time he takes to do his homework.

The brilliant pupils of T.D.H.S. work very diligently from nine in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. I, for one, think that the time after that should be their own. Please don't think me bitter, but after all, you're only young once.

Barbara Mason, XIII.

———o———

Dorothy Mc.—Mr. Kirkwood, what will we do if we get measles at exam time?

Mr. Kirkwood—I think I'd call a doctor.

PROSE AND FICTION

JEAN SCRIMGEOUR, GRADE XIII

Life's Like That

(First Prize Essay)

Joe Doake learned to creep when only nine months old; he had just mastered this mode of transportation when someone started him walking. By the time he was three, he could walk very well, in fact, he was an expert, a professional. Someone gave him a tricycle and he had to start all over again, this time learning to perambulate in a twisted mass of steel with three wheels. He became a master in that art before he was five, and being five, an expert tricycle driver and having two new teeth, he felt that he had reached his zenith.

The poor lad was sent to school when he was six. The first day he felt very proud, until he found that he was a dunce; he could neither read nor write nor do arithmetic. His star sank quickly below the horizon, and he knew his decline had set in. He despaired of ever being anything.

However, Joe had not yet reached his golden age. Eight years later Joe again found himself on top of the world. He was in eighth grade; he could read, write, ride a bike and even pronounce a few twenty-five-cent words. He was one of the senior students; in fact, public school life revolved about Joe Doake; he was the centre of school life. Joe had, he was sure, finally reached his ultimate goal; he was master of the universe, second to none, and what's more, he was fourteen years old.

The next time we saw Joe, he had just started high school and he found himself again pushed to the bottom of the line. He was disconsolate; he couldn't speak a word of algebra, his trigonometric computation was atrocious and he was overshadowed by so many people who knew more than he did. Joe was indeed despondent; he was so at odds with the world that he considered suicide or the Foreign Legion as his only chances.

Rising, by virtue of a dauntless spirit, from the depths of despair, Joe found himself, some five long years later, as a fifth former, in a truly enviable position. He wondered if he ever had been a first former and disgustedly decided that kids were dumber than when he had been young.

Joe Doake was one of those lucky souls who went to college. Here we found Joe again crest-fallen, dejected and miserable. He was a "frosh", the lowest form of college life, no longer a proud senior student, but rather a lowly freshman. However, Joe, being a man of undaunted spirit, overcame this complex and a few years later we saw him as a proud college graduate, with the world at his finger-tips. He knew every thing from the abscissa periderm to the endogenous origin of buds.

Joe found a job in a mining corporation. He was cocksure when he took on the job, but when he met the grizzled crew with whom he was to work, his old complex returned. He felt lower than he had even as a "frosh"; he was a tenderfoot, a greenhorn, a novice. To be brief, he was disgusted with his own insignificance.

Joe Doake's name rose steadily in the mining world and recently he retired on a substantial annual income. Yes, Joe was satisfied; he had made a success of life. He had overcome many difficulties. Throughout his life he had been pushed down and had sprung up again, had been ploughed under, only to grow more vigorously the next season. Joe had beaten the world at its own game. He was a success.

Joe died shortly after his retirement. Now someone is trying to teach Joe Doake, the greenhorn, how to play a harp or is it to shovel coal! In any case, Joe is again at the bottom of the ladder.

Richard Rokeby, XIII.

KEEP SMILING

If things don't always suit your ways,
And if you spoil one of your days,
Keep smiling.
If the heavens should sometimes blow
Driving rain instead of snow,
Keep smiling.

If you would like to groan and moan,
Because your toenails are ingrown,
Keep smiling.
For what's the use of moping 'round?
Grouches put us underground.
Keep smiling.

K. W. Webster, XIII.

Seen From the Choir-Loft

(Second Prize Essay)

It was a typical August afternoon, hot and sultry, and in the small country church there were gathered, as there was on every Sunday afternoon, fifteen or twenty of the most faithful of the somewhat diminished congregation.

The atmosphere, inside, was warm and drowsy with a little of that damp mustiness which seems to pervade the interiors of all such sacred buildings in spite of the fact that the windows are raised. Close to the lofty ceiling three hornets spun dizzily in their droning flight; now and then they swooped down over the scattered heads of the congregation or came to rest on the pulpit unnoticed by the patient minister but thoroughly enjoyed by the small boys. In the paths of light which filtered through the stained glass of the narrow windows, tiny, minute dust particles hung suspended. Bright rays of red and yellow fell across the backs of the seats, lay on the floor or rested on the heads of the small company.

Outside, a bird twittered and a noisy vehicle sped past on the dusty road, causing some of the younger members of the congregation to stretch their necks cautiously, endeavouring to see out the window.

The minister boomed louder with his deep, sonorous voice and emphasized his point by bringing his large hand down hard on the frail-looking pulpit. This last was perhaps an effort to regain the attention of his distracted audience or perhaps to arouse the gray-haired woman in the second seat whose head was beginning to bob dangerously low, but remained completely oblivious to his threats and energetic pounds.

The congregation shifted. A large, overbearing woman in the back seat indignantly prodded the ribs of the wizened, shrivelled-up man beside her. Failing to receive any response other than his soft, unconscious snores, she sighed resignedly and returned her attention to the sermon.

Over in the left corner, an over-sized adolescent, grinning broadly, was amusing himself by untying the ribbons on the long pig-tails of the shy little girl seated in front of him. Her frowning and squirming seemed to delight him and he grasped the braids more firmly and proceeded to tie them together.

The minister's voice which had been droning on gently, patiently, was about to rise to a crescendo, when he was interrupted by the loud crack of a hard-backed hymn book as it descended on a too-friendly hornet which had dared to land within reaching distance of a mischievous-looking little boy whose face now bore a look of proud satisfaction. Beside him sat his mother, pink-faced and tight-lipped. Her face bore the threat of a future punishment.

The minister, seemingly choosing to believe that the incident was performed in self-defense, turned away and directed his speech to a very old couple in the centre aisle, who sat placidly, piously gazing at him and attentively listening to each word. This at least was encouraging.

The service progressed uneventfully, except for the occasional howl of an infant, until it came to a close with the announcement of the last hymn. Then, as the first chords of the organ sounded, the gray-haired woman in the second seat, being suddenly awakened, sprang to her feet and grasped her hymnal, only to find that she was the only one standing. Persistently, even though embarrassed, she held her ground, waiting till the organist had finished playing the opening bars and the rest of the congregation had arisen stretching and smothering their yawns. She was the only one who seemed refreshed and I imagine this must have dampened the minister's triumph over having for once succeeded in arousing her.

As soon as the last straggling strains of song had drifted away and the benediction had been pronounced, the minister sank into his seat behind the pulpit and taking out a large white handkerchief, mopped his heated brow.

Ruby Makins, XIII.

Late!

On the fatal morning of Wednesday, January 25th, 1950, at 9:01 a.m., a bedraggled, baggy-eyed, half-dressed creature who could easily be discerned as a typical T.D.H.S. student, clattered up a flight of stairs, jerked open a door and burst into a room.

A few seconds later this bizarre monstrosity of mankind gently opened the same door and wearily trudged up those immortal stairs which lead to The Office.

Such was my plight: I had been late—but only one minute late, for by the time I had reached my room my Mickey Mouse watch said precisely 9:01 a.m.

After I had dragged myself up those two creaky flights of stairs with the aid of that mighty and useful invention—the bannister, the terrible blow came—someone (or I should say perhaps half the student body) was there ahead of me patiently awaiting their doom.

As I slowly passed along the line I recognized many of my old friends whom I had met before in the same place and who had been in the same predicament. Finally I came to the front door of Mr. Hay's room where I managed, with the help of a friend, to squeeze into this queue.

A novel idea, quite practical too, oceurred to me while standing there patiently awaiting that ever prized, widely-known and acclaimed admit slip. Folding beds should be built into the walls so that they could always be at the disposal of us punctual searchers of knowledge.

As the dreaded moment rapidly approached I steeled myself for that ever-pleasing interview and I was only too thankful that I had taken my vitamin and iron pills at breakfast.

The moment arrived, (Need I say more?). I guess that I was just one of the more fortunate ones, for I emerged from that much-visited place not only with a detention, a threat of expulsion from school the next time I was late, and a good sound reprimand, but above all with that priceless white piece of paper with the black lettering and the grey, legible (?) hand-writing with which we are all only too familiar.

I descended the stairs to my home-room, elated, for I felt that I had a new lease on life and anyway I did have something to look forward to—classes (ugh @½&$@@)!

For fifteen minutes I had waited for this supreme moment—when I again would be able to open the familiar door to my room.

I sadly handed my prized and priceless piece of paper to one of our most beloved friends, the teacher, and sauntered down the aisle to my seat at the back of the room where I sank into obscurity and slumber, content that I had accomplished something so early in the morning, for it was now only 9:16 a.m.

Douglas Eckel, XII.

"I can't remember ever having seen the mirror, but it helps to know it's there."

The Dark Intruder

(First Prize Short Story)

The last of the evening's lights was turned off in the rustic brick dwelling shortly after midnight, leaving the yard and neighbouring street to the stillness of the night. From the shadows of the tall hedge the entire yard could be seen by the means of the moonlight, which was continually growing in brightness. Above the broad porch a window was propped open and the curtain hung limply over the sill, awaiting the breeze which had for long desisted. Now, reinspired by the quiet, the breeze again arose and inexplicably billowed the curtain from the window.

The breeze caused the tops of the dark hedge to sway gently and now the shadows could be seen moving in the foliage. On another look one would surmise that all the shadows were not constituted by the denseness of the hedge. One shadow, in particular, was no mere hallucination. As the

moonlight increased in intensity it could be seen that this shadow was a man. He was clad in a dark overcoat and had his hat pulled low on his forehead. Obviously his intent was to enter the old farm-style dwelling, and as he moved along in the shadow of the hedge he knew it would be sheer lunacy to attempt the deed until the inhabitants of the house were safely in the arms of Morpheus.

As he neared the porch the man looked up at the window and pictured in his mind the jovial expression on her face, which would be changed to one of surprise if she knew his presence in the yard.

Mr. Kimbel knew what fearful railleries he would have to face in the morning when he told his wife that, despite all he had said earlier, he had decided not to leave her.

He had reached his decision when he had missed the nine o'clock milk train.

Harvey Smith, XIII.

An Experience With Invisible Paint

(Second Prize Short Story)

The noted artist fastened securely, by the turn of a worn key, the paintless door whose duty was to keep out all humans. A look of pride carried itself on his face, as he descended the narrow dusky steps to the busy street. Why shouldn't he be satisfied, with only one more figure to portray in his masterpiece?

Behind a locked door stood, in all its array, his so-called masterpiece. The artist's board-form guarded in its arms the precious and costly painting. A few last rays of the sunny day found their way in through the scanty soiled curtains revealing a chance-medley of dyed rainbow rays, stained-handled brushes, a much-used broom, a piece of canvas concealing several unfinished pieces, and a shelf where sat in disciplined order the bottles of oil paint. One little can lay sleeping in the dark corner behind a useless box. Now the last lingering beams of day fled allowing the inhabitants of the miserable room to rest in peace until next morning.

At exactly nine o'clock next morning the artist burst into his workshop. He was none too soon either, because scarcely had he time to run the broom over the cracked and rolling floor, put on his faded greyish-blue smock, or rush the comb through his overgrown black hair.

A manly knock partly opened the none-too-strongly-made door. Excitement and suspense caused the artist's whole frame to tremble. When he stood face to face with his new model, he would know whether or not his painting would be completed by tonight. His anxiety was not prolonged more than two seconds. The features of his visitor were not quite what he had hoped for in his dreams, but he decided that a perfect model could not be found in his poor suburb of the city.

The artist set to work at once not wishing to waste precious and costly time. It was costly, for each hour meant another ten dollars from his already empty pocket. At three o'clock the same afternoon only the face remained to be filled in. It was a certainty then, that the last touches could be applied by five o'clock. At three minutes to five the paint-oozing brush was dipped in solution before resuming its position with the other brushes. The model took his departure, happy as a schoolboy on the first day of holidays, with an eighty dollar cheque in his vest pocket. Trailing him was a man with a mournful expression on his tired face.

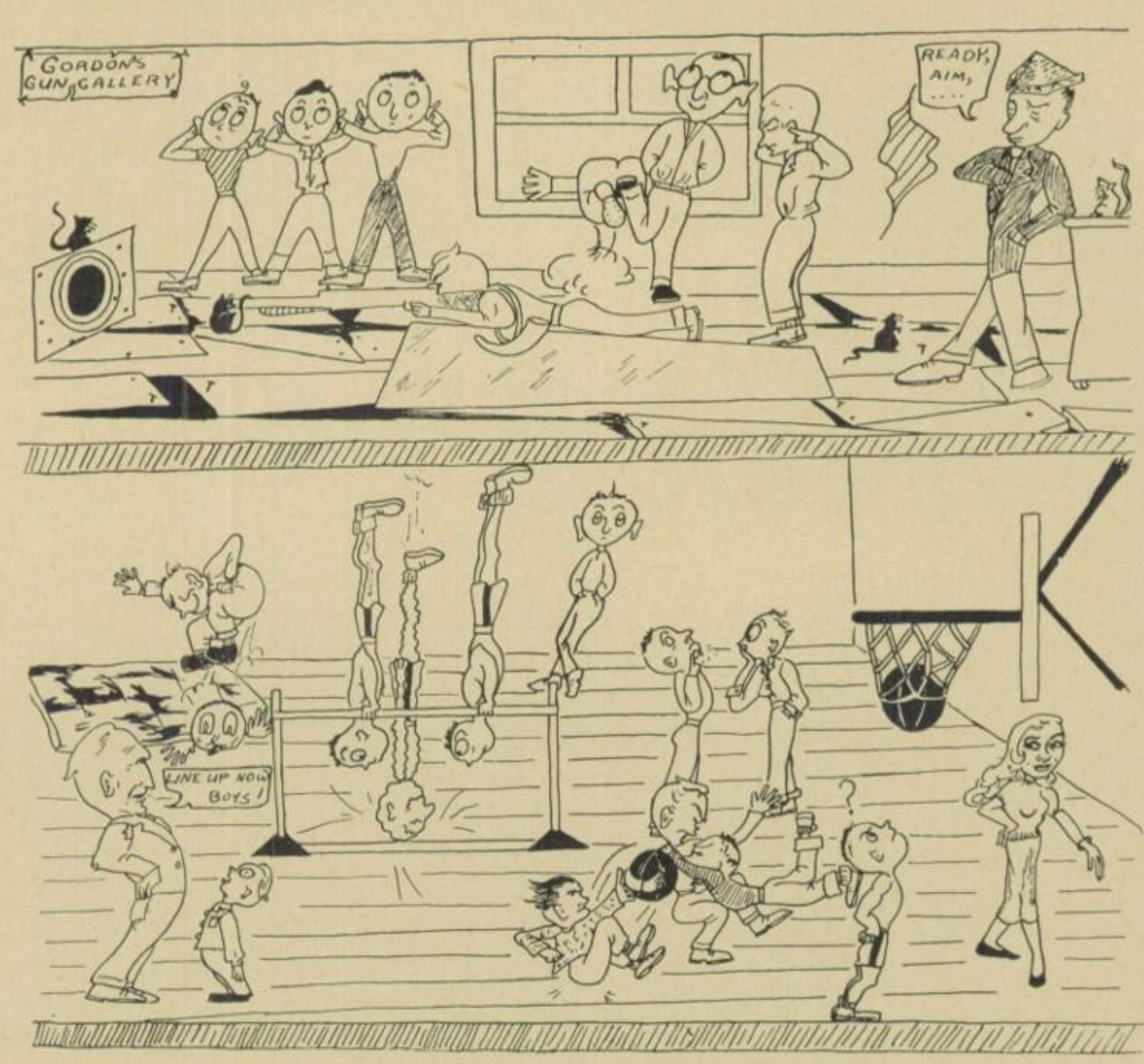
The sorrowful news would have to be told to his darling five-year-old daughter. That would be more dreadful than having his masterpiece a failure. His slow, weary, and heavy steps reached their goal too soon for his pleasure. His little Bunny, as he had nick-named her, was listening for his footsteps. He avoided telling her till after their supper of thin soup.

Before retiring he discovered that carelessly he had left an important paper at his studio. Bunny was only too glad to run and get it for him. Now, she thought, she would be able to get a glimpse of the wonderful painting.

In no time at all she had reached the door of her father's studio. In the dark she fell over an old box, and her hand caught hold of a small round can. In the dark she tried to be careful, but as luck would have it she knocked against the prized painting and splashed the contents of the can over the newly-formed figure. Horror struck, she ran to tell her father.

After her father arrived, he realized that because of her blunder the main figure—that of Jesus—was now perfect; it had only the vague outline of hands, feet, and head remaining.

Betty Williams, XIII.



IT'S A MAN'S WORLD IN T.D.H.S.

First Prize Cartoon — Edith Moon, XII

Silence

Silence is one of those golden things of which we citizens of the modern enlightened world know little. Many people disregard silence, and of those who stress it as a virtue, few know its true meaning. True Silence is seldom achieved.

A sound-proofed dwelling may bear the outward appearance of silence, but, beneath the veneer of appearances there is external strife—strife of thoughts, words and actions which destroy the idea of silence.

The lull before a summer storm may be considered by many as silence, but the background of tinklings, chirpings and nestlings of hidden beings among the grass and leaves destroy silence. Besides the stirring insect life, there is a tension in the air, a foreboding of the approaching storm.

Although this is not true silence it is much nearer to silence than that which is obtained by sound-proofing and ear-plugging.

In the thick of a heavy, steady, windless, quiet snow storm, a measure of silence may be obtained. The air heavy with snow bears a feeling of silence, utter peace and quiet. However, this silence is shattered by the collision of legions of tiny floating ice particles, colliding with one another and with the stark reality of cold immovable objects on the earth.

Many people consider that silence can be achieved only while asleep. To them, sleep is utter solitude, but about them, the quietness is broken by the whisper of the wind, the croak of frogs and the pattering of tiny feet as myriads of minute creatures journey

forth to kill and eat or be eaten. The presence of these sounds destroys perfect silence.

To the casual observer, a class during examinations is an example of perfect silence. However, the frequent crumpling of a page, shuffling of feet and continued scratching of nibs and noggins exclude all real possibility of silence.

The short pause after the prolonged clattering, clanging and grinding of an onrushing train may give an observer the sensation of silence. It may appear to be silence, but it is caused by the utter distraction of the auditory channels and for this reason cannot be real silence.

True silence can be gained only by a combination of quietude of mind and utter absence of external disturbance. For this reason, silence is as rare as gold and is often unknown to those who have riches. Peace of mind comes from a total lack of worldliness and freedom from pricks of conscience. Seldom can a combination of these be found in this tumultuous world. Therefore silence in its true form is unknown to the masses of people in the world.

Richard Rokeby, XIII.

The Miser

(Honourable Mention, Short Story)

It was many years ago, as men reckon time, that there lived in a small village of China a crafty miser. The Chinese have always been predominantly a poor nation materially—though they are rich in philosophical learning—and the village where lived the miser was no exception.

There were few, if any, in the poverty-stricken little community who were not under the shadow of debt to the ugly little miser. Among these was an old peasant farmer whose simple honesty made him feel obligated to pay the stupendous sum which Fate had caused him to owe to the shrewd miser. It was of no great surprise —or concern—to the people of the village that, when the old farmer died, worn out by life of hard, unceasing labour, the debt was still unpaid.

Scarcely had the unimpressive funeral ended, when the miser left his home to take an inventory of the old farmer's simple hut. "Perhaps," he thought, "I may find something of value to partially pay the debt, although not likely."

His rich clothes furnished a sharp contrast to the barren landscape of the country from which the inhabitants had striven for centuries to wring a pitiful existence; but his face, a dirty sickly yellow with deep wrinkles, blended perfectly with the dry, cracked soil as he approached the rude dwelling.

He entered the little hut with an air of disgust and surveyed the few poor, simple furnishings. The miser was annoyed at the worthlessness of his late debtor's possessions. "Surely," he muttered angrily, "in his long, useless life he must have saved or acquired something of value. He had no friends or relatives on whom to waste money."

He examined the table, chair, lamp . . . then began frantically to search every darkened corner—in vain! The miser felt that he was being cheated. Anger swelled within him and he kicked at the dirt floor. Seizing an ancient vase, inscribed as a gift from mother to son, he hurled it through the only window, screaming insanely, "Sentimental old fool! Villain! Thief!"

As he heard the vase smash on the hard rocks outside, into innumerable fragments, his anger was strangely satisfied; it cooled, and subsided. In the brilliant light of sunset, he left the hut and strode home.

Late that night, the miser vainly fought wakefulness as sounds of revelry drifted from the village into his room. Despairing of sleep, he rose, dressed, and hurried into the village, now bright with the light of many fires. Uttering an angry curse, he approached one of the conflagrations; the happy chatter ceased and the peasants stared at him in silent awe as he screamed, "What have you fools to celebrate that permits you to keep your superiors from their slumbers?"

All seemed stricken with dumbness at his words.

"Answer me!" shouted the enraged miser.

"O noble sir," answered one, bowing humbly, "to-day, as some of us were returning from our daily labour in the fields, and as we were passing the hut of our late-departed brother, the gods showered a rare blessing upon us. Beside the road, in the shattered pieces of an old vase, scattered among the rocks, we discovered the greatest hoard of money any of us has ever seen."

Gary Miller, XII.

ON HAVING NOTHING TO DO

My examination's finished and should be handed in;
The people round me study; in fact, they all have been
Doing so for half an hour. Alas! I cannot follow their tedious occupation,
For I left all books but French at home, in dread anticipation
Of a tiring, gruelling, time-consuming, quite horrible ordeal,
And I thought for sure that all my time would be completely sealed
With verbs and authors, sight translation, participe passé,
And the hundred million other things we're s'posed to know each day.
But now I'm done; I've checked and checked; no error can there be!
And I should like to study Latin and geometry.
But woe is me! I cannot do, for of these books I've none . . .
What good is it to me to have my French exam all done?

Hence you will see, with chemistry, geometry and Latin
All bearing down, reminding me that I am far from through,
This morning I left these at home . . . at home just where they sat, 'n'
Now alas, I sit and wait, for I have nought to do!

R. Jones, XII.

My Impressions of the New T.D.H.S.

(Honourable Mention—Essay)

September the third, 1950, I marched proudly up toward the flagstone terrace of T.D.H.S. situated on the southern slope of Tillson Avenue. There, I was greeted by a doorman who smilingly bowed and opened the door. As I stepped inside, I was met by a hum of pleasant voices mingling together over the soft liquid mellow tones of Billy Ekstine. I walked freely, unhampered by books, as a porter had previously relieved me of them.

As I proceeded down the cool, wide corridor, stopping once for a cool tall glass of orangeade at the soft-drink booth, I peered into one of the many rooms, where plush-lined seats awaited their willing occupants. There, I noticed a new teacher writing on one of the huge blackboards. Changing her mind she pressed a lever and a sheet of new board slid in place of the other one, thus eliminating chalk dust and the weary work of cleaning.

I then proceeded to the second floor, taking advantage of one of the numerous escalators scattered throughout the building.

Nowhere was there confusion or commotion on this, the first day of school. Information booths were on each floor for students wide-eyed with wonderment and joy.

Being a fourth-former I tried not to show my ecstasy over the chrome-finished laboratories, where Mr. Sinclair would commence his teaching of atomic energy, the padded stools with their high backs and head-rests, the electric fans that would immediately remove any gaseous smell or odour, and the intricate and mysterious apparatus that would assist us in doing experiments in splitting atoms or making engines for jet-powered aeroplanes.

From the laboratories I went next to the gymnasium. The skylight above afforded natural lighting, the yard-wide baskets would assist us in gaining needed points, and the padded walls and non-skid floor, all combined to make a gym each of us could be proud of.

I ventured then, to the locker rooms with their wide, spacious closets complete with hanger and shoe shelf. The rooms were comfortably heated and nowhere was there any jostling or pushing.

I visited next the Home Economics room with its beautiful Home Freezer, Bendix washing machine and all the accessories necessary in the up-to-date millionaire's home. Then I ventured into the Work Shop with its beautifully carved statues and models produced by the boys themselves.

For the first few weeks of school, things went along very smoothly. I loved our Home Economics course with sewing and cooking, and I am sure the boys enjoyed their Arts and Crafts course, but there seemed to be no close harmony. No one

"A.B."

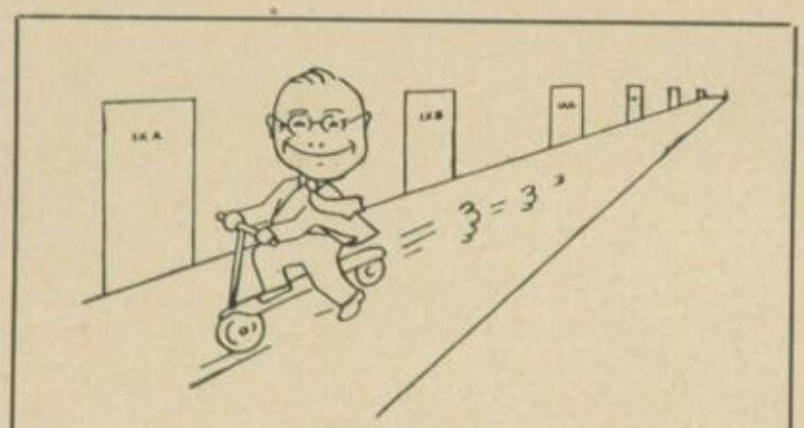
would dare put L on the immaculate

X.Y.

polished desks. The five-foot span between desks eliminated tripping, and the two gyms even removed the friendly weekly quarrels between the boys and girls as to whose gym it was.

Yes, strange as it may seem, by the end of September I was wishing for something I thought I would never want to hear again —that old familiar call of the desperate, "To your classes! Clear the halls!"

Joyce Hibbert, XIA.



WHEE ! ! !
by Anita Hall, XIII

A National Highway For Canadians

A subject of no little controversy in our controversial age is the subject of a national highway. It is a subject that has held its own in the national melting pot for some years now, and it remains nearly as hard and unyielding as it seemed when it was first set into the fire, though it might be said that considerable heat has been applied. The subject has held its own in a hard-pressed Parliament through tides of war, threatened war, threats of internal collapse, and the political spring tide of national election. It seems that no matter what important discussion is waging in the House, some insignificant member from some remote constituency of some remote province is bound to rise from his chair, clear his throat, and shout, "Mr. Speaker, question please! Now, Honourable Gentlemen, exactly why should we not have a national highway?"

Such a question raises a stubborn problem. Whether to, or whether not to have a national highway supposedly was decided during the course of the Second World War. Finding an answer to satisfy our inquisitive gentleman is therefore, rather difficult, and not a little ticklish, for a subject that has hung for so long over the heads of our venerable authorities is bound to rule on their jostled nerve ends with an unpolished edge.

First, the questioner could be told that a national highway is essential to national communication over the length of our vast dominion. In the event of war such a road would, in fact, be most vital. The German super highway, which gave excellent traffic circulation and provided almost impossible bomb targets, was a factual illustration of this use.

Also, the tourist has long sighed the lack of high-grade roads in Canada, and in view of the nation's dwindling monetary reserves, any good new road is important because it would increase the American tourist trade, which already is no small source of dollars.

Another point to be made is that a highway between the provinces would foster good interprovincial relationships of which our nation, sprawling as it does over a wide area and supporting many differing industries, has an urgent need. Then, too, a growing nation such as Canada needs something of which it can be justly proud, something to which we, the inhabitants, can point and say with chesty tones, "Now this is our national highway." It would be like a new suit of clothes, and there is no doubt that Johnny Canuck needs a new suit of clothes.

While mulling over the need for coast-to-coast highway we might also bear in mind the vast mineral deposits that were uncovered during the laying of the transcontinental railroads. No one then had dreamed of such hidden wealth, and who knows today what may lie beneath the roadbed of a new highway which stretches from one sea to the next and in its course passes through great regions that have never before been closely examined.

The main trouble between us and our prospective road is getting the project off the drawing board and, as it were, onto the map. In short, the project would cost money, as most good things do. Such an enfolding artery as is now proposed would quickly pay for itself but the provinces, over whose rugged terrain the road must be laid have had no end of objections and, like cats and dogs bickering over the delicacies in a juicy bone, have reached little agreement.

Any question regarding a national highway is therefore a debatable one, and herein, I believe, lies the greatest importance, the greatest service which the road can achieve. It is no small task to build this road, but it will be done. We all want it to be done. Through the bickering, the financial problems, and the surmounting of large obstacles, there will come a new and broader understanding within Canada and among Canadians, and a fine new pulse will be felt which will travel unhindered along a great new artery—our new national highway.

Donald Lee, XIII.

A Glimpse of Vancouver

While perusing my **journal de voyages** which I kept during my trip out west last summer, I came upon my written impressions of Vancouver, and this prompted me to write a short article on my visit there.

Vancouver, the Gateway to the Orient, harbours within itself a little Chinese colony. There, in the older section of the city, the musty Oriental shops offer such bizarre items as bean paste, syrupy ginger and jasmine tea, all considered great delicacies by the Chinese. Herbs are also imported from China and what through my eyes was a bunch of limp weeds was sold for tonics and medicine.

Gullible tourists pay thirty cents for minute, crumbling plaster figurines of coolies, rickshaws and pagodas and I imagine the Chinese proprietors smile to themselves as did our forefathers when selling beads to the Indians.

Cleanliness didn't seem to be a prominent aspect of Chinatown and I was quite relieved to leave that rickety old section of the city and delighted to learn that I was to have supper in Stanley Park and later see a stage production in the outdoor theatre there.

Stanley Park, spreading over eight hundred acres combines a Marine Drive along the Pacific with magnificent flower beds, totem poles, bridle paths and a zoo.

A host of gardeners care for the spacious beds of various flowers. When we praised the carnations to the caretaker he graciously picked one for each of us, commenting that he knew a hint when he heard one. Taking advantage of the fellow's generosity I snatched a shiny holly leaf from a nearby bush and dropped it twice as quickly when I felt the sharp edges cutting my hand.

After a lengthy tour of the park we arrived at the "Theatre under the Stars" where plays and musicals have been presented for the last ten years. The citizens of Vancouver who own and operate the Theatre through a Board of Park Commissioners have reason to be proud of the success of this unique Canadian venture.

We took our seats out in the open and listened to the Pacific rolling in on the shore as the evening darkened and "Bloomer Girl" began. Such minor disturbances as the peacocks quarrelling or the park cannon loudly resounding I only vaguely remember as part of that very fascinating night.

We left Vancouver by the Fraser River Canyon the next day and as we jolted along the steep mountainside I was still scribbling Vancouver's praise in my diary.

Ann Dean, XII.

A Nightmare—Its Cause and Effect

I was extremely hungry that night and my raid on the ice-box yielded a luscious treasure—cold chicken, dill pickles, salami, and cherry preserve! After I had gluttonously stuffed myself until my tightening waistband warned me that it was time I terminated my feast, off I toddled to bed.

Sometime during the night I found myself precipitated into the midst of a horrifying nightmare. Huge dill pickles marched before my eyes, leering at me and continually bobbing up and down in some fantastically primitive rhythm! Limbless chickens with dismal, dismembered visages, accused me, in spectral tones, of devouring their legs! Bunches of succulent cherries dangled tantalizingly in front of my nose, just out of reach! Cherries, cherries everywhere, and not a bit to bite!

Just when I felt myself to be on the brink of insanity, terrified by these hallucinations the pickles became reinspired into even greater animation! I lunged forward to attack them! The frightening repercussion, caused by the bed-springs giving way, startled me into wakefulness and I knew that the whole horror had been just a dream.

Now some people may surmise that my midnight snack was the cause of my nightmare. Fortunately I am not cursed with such credulity, because I happen to know that the only food which makes me dream is limburger cheese! I don't even have to eat it. The odour is enough! Besides, no dill pickle has ever turned traitor on me, except when I had the mumps!

Jean Scrimgeour, XIII.

Miss McIntosh (reading from **Romeo and Juliet**): "'What's in a name? That which we call a rose. By any other name would smell as sweet.' Richard, paraphrase this."

Richard Jones: "Why are names important? This play by any other title would be as bad."

A Country Store

One bright Saturday morning I arose in good spirits. The thought of being confronted with the four grey walls of school was far from my mind, but I was soon to be forced into view of a still more drab structure than school, for a small village west of Tillsonburg is unique in having on its only corner a structure as old as the tiny village itself.

I hopefully strode under the upheld remains of the once-massive veranda, and pulled the door off its hinges as I hurried into the entry-way. There are two doors through which a persevering customer has to enter. The dilapidated storm door opens in, and has no window to warn you of an oncoming pedestrian; whereas, the heavy main door opens out. There is scarcely enough room through this needle eye, for a dozen Grade A eggs in the hands of a bewildered person occupied in manipulating the uncommon door system to avoid becoming a dozen cracked eggs.

After having overcome this obstacle I ventured into the dismal interior of the store. This mid-Victorian structure serves as a grocery, paint, hardware, shoe, and dry-goods store, post office and butcher shop, as well as a town hall and business centre. The ceiling presents an appearance not unlike that of a war ship with its dark grey paint. The once adhesive plaster is now draped halfway to the floor and the strands of paper are spattered where over-anxious cans of tomatoes have fermented and exploded.

My eyes stealthily followed the lines of interwoven electrical wiring, left exposed on the ceiling, to the back of the store where the post office (which measures two by four) is situated. The former owner, now retired, still retains his job as post-master and hides in this den throughout the day. The Christmas rush of parcels and cards is quite a challenge to his ailing eye, and feeble hand. To preserve the ancient atmosphere a sign near the post office reads, "For a Merry Christmas, mail early," but, after all, the overloaded display window is still hung with red and green decorations and contains two cards of sun glasses.

At the rear of the store, generally looked upon as the hardware section, hang seven dusty brooms from the old-fashioned rack nailed to the ceiling. Also from this rack hang stable forks and manure brooms, not to mention the fly sprayers and coal-oil lanterns.

Around the stove are placed four or five chairs, which have seen better days, for the benefit of the man who used to chase buffalo out on the prairie, the one who shot the big buck up north last year, and any others who have nothing to do but spend an educational afternoon around a hot stove.

The tinny clank of the clock struggling desperately to strike ten o'clock startled me out of my stupor and I walked up to be waited upon. The store seemed unusually crowded with customers. I counted them. There were seventeen, but only three clerks who were doing everything humanly possible to get us out of the way. Pushing my way through the rows of farmers who had been ordered by their wives to purchase the necessary domestic supplies for the coming week, I served myself to a loaf of bread and squeezed out of this amazing structure, a country store.

Bud Ketchabaw, XIII.

Editorial

(Continued from Page 18)

spirit at all times and let it serve as an example to us in our studies as well as our sports, our extra-curricular activities and our daily life: let us try hard, be good sports, and above all, play fairly.

For the memories, the school spirit, the fine example, we are grateful and for them we say, as we take our last farewell, "Goodbye, old T.H.S.! goodbye and—thanks!"

JUNGLE PHENOMENON

Papa Criss, Mama Cross, and Baby Criss-Cross

—B. Grey, XII

An Eloquent Waste-Paper Basket

Oh, shades of Abraham Lincoln! The end of another exhausting day finally brings peace and tranquility to the worn-out waste-paper baskets now lined up in a militant row to have their boiler-room baths! Their superior officer, the janitor, is very particular that they should be as sparkling as the driven snow before being put back in their respective class-room corners every morning.

Now, however, their day's toil done, they can relax and let their hair down, so to speak, while the janitor eliminates the tornado-swept appearance of the school's upper regions with his indefatigable broom. All is serene for a space, but, as the gentle warmth gradually permeates their metal bodies, they begin to give voice in recounting the various experiences of their waste-paper day.

Now "Murgatroid," the Grade Thirteen waste-paper basket, is extremely voluble, so much so that her colleagues often refer to her in private as "the babbling lip"! Tonight, for instance, she is "just about fed up" with the weight of foolscap she has had to endure all day without so much as a by-your-leave! Just to show you how exasperated she really is, let's listen in on the waste-paper-basket confabulation.

"I tell you those fifth-formers have absolutely no regard whatsoever for my delicate constitution," storms Murgatroid. "All morning and all afternoon I've had to bear the brunt of a foolscap avalanche just because they have an English examination tomorrow, and have to write out the meaning of words on literally miles of beaten pulp! I swear that Ken Webster scribbled "rotund" until his fingers dropped off, and he has only to look in the mirror to find the meaning!

"Now when I was down in one of Grade Ten's class-rooms I will admit I had to be the receptacle for a good deal of "gypsy" bubble-gum, but at least it wasn't as soul-crushing as foolscap! Also the pupils, and very considerately too, always wrapped the sticky stuff in a piece of paper and carefully dropped it into my interior. Fifth-formers fire gum-wads from the back of the room, and half of the time either hit me a terrific whack or miss altogether. That is another thing I cannot abide—having a mound of messy rubbish cluttering up my corner!"

"Oh, Murgatroid," stammers timid Mortimer from Grade Nine "A," "I-I should think you would be proud to have the honour of gathering up fifth-form's trash."

"Proud! Honour!" ejaculates Murgatroid. "Why the weight of that "superior" refuse so exhausts me that I can scarcely articulate at the end of the day! An honour! Oh, I think I'm going to faint!"

"Oh, she thinks she's going to faint!" shrieks copycat Hortense from Grade Twelve.

Thus the rest of the gallant waste-paper baskets rally to the aid of their eloquent comrade, who, for two whole blessed minutes, is completely wordless!

Jean Scrimgeour, XIII.

THE PRISONER

Dedicated to Bill Mackie

The door crashed shut behind him and
the Prisoner stood alone.
Fear squeezed strength from his body as
he faced the awful throne
Where sat his stern judge, as stern and
as inscrutable as stone,
But eyes that gleamed with pity, not with
hate.
The Prisoner's hands were clammy and
were clutched in desperate dread,
But his heart grew calm and penitent; he
sadly bowed his head.
He heard but hollow echoes, as the judge's
voice then said
What torment was to be his penal fate.

The Prisoner sat alone, within his dark
and dismal cell.
From far distant came the ringing of a
cheery-sounding bell;
Free laughter of free people in the silence
seemed to swell
And fill vast, empty shadows darkness cast.
"Eternal condemnation! Alas, wilt thou
never end?
Oh, imprisonment unending! Have I not
a single friend?
Some simple aid, a comforting word, to
this confine to send?"
The door swung open . . . he was free at
last!

(And since our subject's Mackie, I hardly
need to mention
That this was not the only time he was
found in like detention.)

G. Miller, XII.

Can You Imagine The Surprise Of 10A If . . . .

Bob Galloway could answer a history question.

John Horley volunteered an answer in class.

Dick Gregson didn't win the Public Speaking Cup.

Cyril Demeyere had no one to hide behind.

Maurice DeKindt once said, "I hate myself."

Anthony DeVos got over being shy.

Andrew Spriet failed in Math.

Oscar Legein didn't ask to get a drink at the end of a period.

Irving Horton admitted that Fay was his sister.

Bob Burnett stopped talking to Arabelle.

Wayne Bradfield came to school with his eyes open.

Lois Butcher arrived at school by 8:55 a.m.

Winifred Collings stayed home for a day.

Eunice Cowell wore something besides plaid skirts.

Albert Epple didn't fall down the stairs every time he hurried.

Joan Fitzgerald had no mistakes in her French.

Ann Gross didn't talk for nine periods.

Fay Horton were present for two consecutive days.

Wally Hoyle kept his mouth shut in Mr. Taylor's class.

Shirley Jackson ever talked in class.

Shirley Jenson refused to lend her homework.

John Lang didn't jiggle the floor.

Helen Nezezon were never bothered by W.H.

Mary Townsend understood Math.

Dixie Grant and Theresa Burvill raised their voices.

Donna Franklin did something she shouldn't in class.

Martha Hillner didn't chatter with Yvonne.

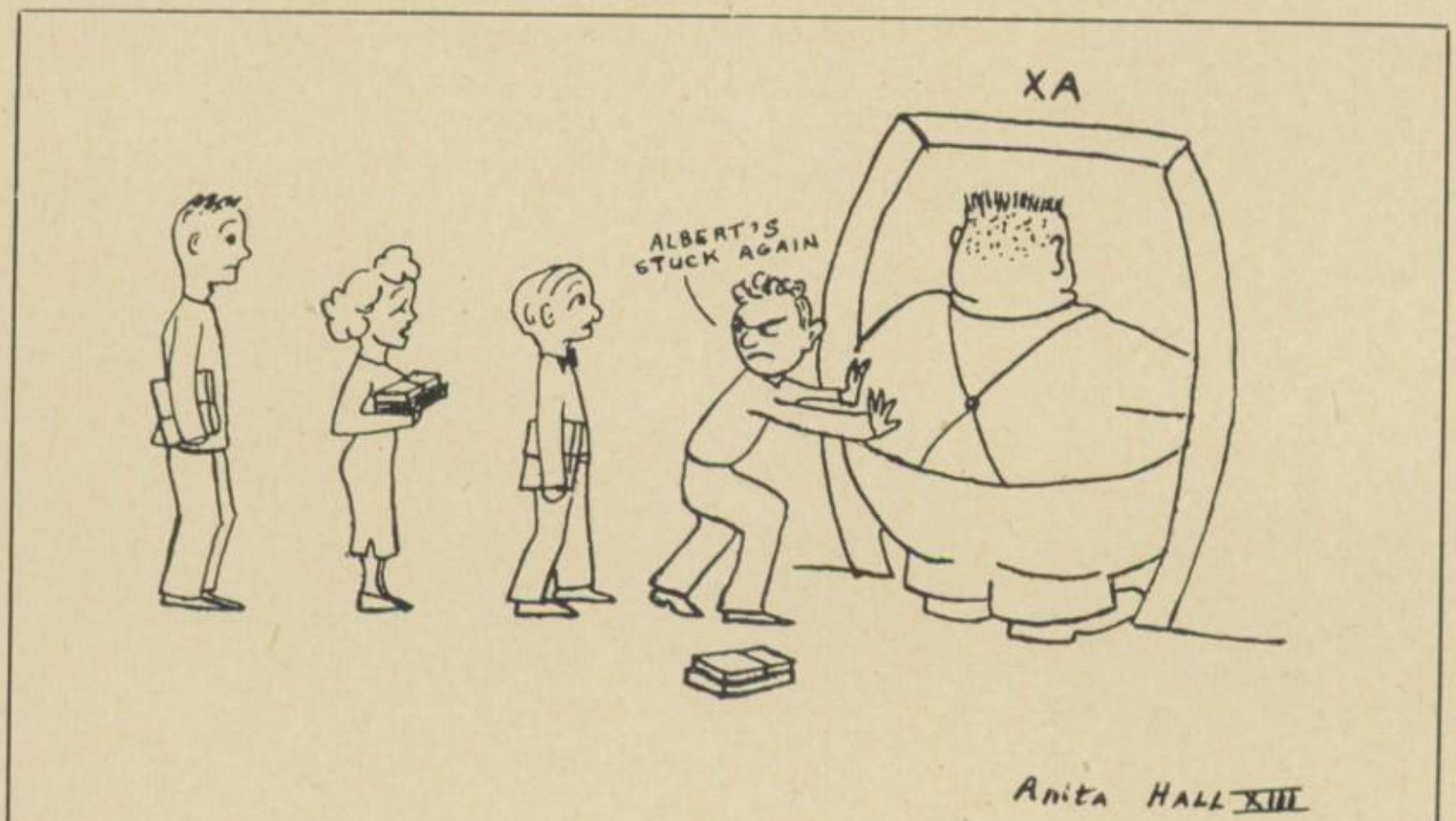
Lorraine Chute gave us reporters something to talk about.

Joyce Hicks resolved to stay away from 10B.

Marion Jones ever faced anything but the front of the room.

Wally Hoyle ever faced anything but the back!

By Eva Heckford, W. Collings, D. Franklin.



Second Prize Cartoon

SENIOR BASKETBALL

STANDING: Mr. Sinclair, W. Berko, C. Baldwin, G. Gyulveszi, D. Richards, H. Smith.
KNEELING: D. Eckel, G. Wilson, R. Peacock, N. More, R. Mannell.

Boys' Sports

Doug Eckel, XII

Due to the influx of students a great many more contestants participated in both school and inter-form sports. This is a definite indication that Tillsonburg is not only going to have better athletes but more of them.

Two reasons for the greater participation in school sports are found in volley ball which was re-introduced to the boys of the school and the gymando contests which were held in the lower forms.

This year because of the increase in the student body, we are now classed in W.O.S.S.A. Senior "A" grouping. Although Lady Luck did not smile on us this year, we did make a good showing and the other schools will be watching Tillsonburg's dust fly in the near future (we hope).

TRACK AND FIELD

This year on account of the weather conditions the annual track and field meet was held over a period of two days. The field events took place on the campus on a Friday morning late in September. The following Monday afternoon the track events were run off at the race track. The weather was not too promising but the spirits of both the competitors and spectators were high.

In the Bantams no new records were established but the competition was keen and when the smoke had cleared away, C. Thomas emerged as champion with E. Sowa and W. Coyle tied for runner-up.

Standing Broad Jump: A Williams, E. Sowa, H. Floyd.

Running Broad Jump: W. Coyle, J. Barzo, G. Besley.

Hop-Step-Jump: W. Newman, A. Devos, D. McQuiggan.

Shot Put: D. McQuiggan, D. Foster, D. Robinson.

Pole Vault: *W. Watts, R. Tyrrell, C. Thomas.

100-yd. Dash: *W. Watts, W. Coyle, E. Sowa.

220-yd. Dash: *W. Watts, E. Sowa.

440-yd. Dash: C. Thomas, R. Tyrrell, B. Franklin.

120-yd. Hurdles: C. Thomas, D. McQuiggan, W. Coyle.

* Because W. Watts won the championship last year he was ineligible this year.

In the Junior department the competition was extremely keen. P. Gibson and I. Horton with eighteen points apiece tied for the Junior championship. Paul Jackson garnered ten points and was closely followed by J. Hutchinson and R. Nagy with nine and a half points each.

Standing Broad Jump: P. Gibson, R. Livingston, L. Cowan.

Running Broad Jump: I. Hutchinson, A. Stover, D. Ostrander.

Hop-Step-Jump: I. Horton, R. Nagy, A. Spreet.

Shot Put: I. Horton, R. Nagy, C. Hale.

100-yd. Dash: P. Jackson, I. Horton, R. Nagy.

120-yd. Hurdles: I. Horton, R. Nagy, W. Hale.

Pole Vault: (Guess T.D.H.S. didn't have a high enough pole).

220-yd. Dash: P. Jackson, P. Gibson, A. Stover.

440-yd. Dash: P. Gibson, I. Hutchinson, G. Carson.

There weren't many entrants in the Intermediates this year and so the candidates were allowed to enter every event. The champion was Gary Miller who had a total of thirty points, closely followed by D. Richards with twenty-eight points.

Standing Broad Jump: G. Miller, D. Richards, G. Leatherdale.

Running Broad Jump: G. Miller, R. Richards, R. Smith.

Hop-Step-Jump: G. Miller, D. Richards, R. Smith.

Shot Put: D. Richards, G. Buckrell, G. Leatherdale.

High Jump: D. Richards, G. Leatherdale, N. Mason.

Pole Vault: G. Leatherdale, D. Eckel, F. Knautz.

120-yd. Hurdles: D. Richards, R. Smith, D. Eckel.

100-yd. Dash: G. Miller, R. Smith, D. Eckel.

220-yd. Dash: G. Miller, D. Richards, R. Smith.

880-yd. Run: G. Miller, G. Horlick, D. Richards.

The race for the Senior championship ended thus: R. Prickett first with eighteen points, G. Gyulveszi, second with sixteen points, S. Choma third with fifteen points.

Standing Broad Jump: S. Choma, R. Gibson, D. Lee.

Running Broad Jump: S. Choma, R. Prickett, G. Gyulveszi.

Hop-Step-Jump: S. Choma, G. Gyulveszi, G. Fentie.

High Jump: C. Swatridge, R. Mannell, C. Baldwin.

Shot Put: K. Webster, D. Palmer, G. Fentie.

Pole Vault: G. Gyulveszi, D. Palmer, C. Baldwin.

120-yd. Hurdles: G. Gyulveszi, D. Lee, G. Fentie.

100-yd. Dash: R. Prickett, R. Mannell, G. Gyulveszi.

220-yd. Dash: R. Prickett, R. Mannell, G. Gyulveszi.

880-yd. Run: R. Prickett, R. Gibson, D. Lee.

INTER-SCHOOL TRACK AND FIELD MEET

The meet this year was held at Delhi on October 2. It is gratifying to know that most of the school was cheering on the bearers of the black and gold T.D.H.S. standards, for all the buses and many cars were pressed into service for the twelve-mile hike. The competition this year proved to be quite stiff and the best Tillsonburg could do was to tie for the individual intermediate championship with G. Miller and H. Augustine of Delhi both obtaining eighteen points. We ended up in third place this year behind Delhi and Aylmer who were first and second respectively.

In the Senior section, S. Choma garnered two seconds in the broad jump and in the hop-step-jump. R. Prickett carried off a third in the 220-yard dash and a second in the 880. R. Mannell placed fourth in the high jump while G. Gyulveszi and D. Palmer placed third in the hop-step-jump and the pole vault respectively.

Tillsonburg made its best showing by far

SENIOR RUGBY

STANDING: Mr. C. Hay, C. Baldwin, W. Eichenberg, R. Peacock, D. Richards, G. Gyulveszi, J. Jones, R. Gibson.

KNEELING: R. Mannell, K. Webster, D. Palmer, S. Mayorcsak, N. More.

in the Intermediates, running up a grand total of fifty-eight points, but due to the system of division of points used at the meet took only second place in the final standing. In the 100-yard dash G. Miller placed first and in the 220-yard dash it was G. Miller who ran second, followed by D. Richards in the third slot. The 440-yard dash was captured by W. Watts with D. Richards fifth. In the 880, W. Watts carried off third place money. R. Smith and G. Miller took fourth and second place honours respectively in the broad jump. Tillsonburg took both first and second places in the high jump when G. Leatherdale outjumped everyone for first place laurels with D. Richards second.

When the pole vaulters had come down out of the clouds it was found that G. Leatherdale was first in that division while D. Eckel was second. G. Miller out-hopped, out-stepped and out-jumped his competitors in that event for another first. D. Richards used his mighty arm to good advantage placing third in the shot put. The intermediate relay team consisting of W. Watts, D. Richards, D. Eckel and G. Miller combined on their running ability and baton passing to outdistance Norwich, Ingersoll, Aylmer and Delhi in the relay. As it was previously mentioned, G. Miller tied for the Intermediate championship. Here we take time out to commend Gary on a fine performance.

The Juniors made a fair showing too. P. Jackson ran third in the 100-yard dash and second in the 220. R. Nagy placed third in the broad jump and first in the high jump. I Hutchinson garnered fourth place honours in the broad jump and fifth in the hop-step-jump. I. Horton was only out-jumped by A. Nagy in the high jump and put the shot for fourth place. P. Gibson carried off a second in the hop-step-jump while P.

JUNIOR RUGBY

STANDING: W. Franklin, V. Harvey, N. Mason, R. Ingraham, G. Buckrell, K. Ross, E. Miners, I. Aldworth, G. Miller, P. Gibson, Mr. Hay.

KNEELING: A. Cain, G. Taylor, I. Horton, P. Jackson, W. Watts, J. Leach, R. Rokeby, G. Leatherdale, G. Fentie, R. Mason.

Seres pole-vaulted for fifth place.

In the race for the Juvenile championship W. Newman garnered two firsts, one in the high-jump, the other in the hop-step-jump, while W. Watts took two fifths in the 100-yard dash and in the hop-step-jump.

Although not many of the Tillsonburg athletes sported the attractive ribbons denoting first, second, third, etc. place honours, we do commend them for their wins, their sportsmanlike attitude, and the fact that they did their utmost.

FOOTBALL

The black and gold gridders got off to an early start this year. Practices were held before school had even started in September and the training (I might add) was quite rugged in order to put the boys in tip-top condition. The coaching duties fell on Mr. Hay's shoulders (naturally, being the rugby coach) but this year he was ably assisted by Bob Phibbs, a former Mustang star who has achieved much fame on the gridiron. Mr. Hay, the rugged ex-Varsity lineman, more or less acted as line coach teaching both the former and new members of the squad the proper blocking, tackling, etc. Bob Phibbs took over the back-field and did a magnificent job showing the gridders many new plays. Many thanks go to both Bob Phibbs and Mr. Hay for an interesting season.

More boys played football this year than ever before, with approximately fifty of the district stars taking part. Tillsonburg produced two teams, a first and a second team. The first team played in the W.O.S.S.A. grouping, while the second team played with some schools in the surrounding district.

This year saw our first year in the Lon-

don District Athletic Association of W.O.S.S.A. "A" competition.

The first team, captained by Buzz Palmer, got off to a flying start when they won quite handily over Simcoe, another Senior "A" club, in exhibition by the score of twelve to zero. However, in the London District grouping the competition proved a little too stiff and the best the pride and joy of Tillsonburg could do was a thrilling tie with De La Salle.

Possibly the best game of the year was played in Labatt's Park in London one dreary wet night against London Central. Although Tillsonburg lost, it was by only two points and in the last half of the game carried most of the play. It was the brilliant work of the stalwarts on the line working in co-ordination with the clever back-fielders which threw a scare into the other teams in the league. The other teams constituting this league are London South, London Central, London Beck, London Tech, Arva and St. Thomas Collegiate. The scores are as follow:

Tillsonburg-0 at St. Thomas-17
De La Salle-6 at Tillsonburg-6
Medway (Arva)-11 at Tillsonburg-5
Tillsonburg-6 at Central-8
South-18 at Tillsonburg-6

The second team which played a four-game schedule fared a little better, coming up with two wins and two losses. The future stars of Tillsonburg's senior ball club had the following scores in their games:

Norwich-0 at Tillsonburg-11
Tillsonburg-7 at Ingersoll-11
Tillsonburg-12 at Delhi-18
Tillsonburg-18 at Norwich-5

We congratulate Dave Richards on his selection as quarter-back for the Second All-Star Team of the district.

RUGBY BANQUET

After the close of the 1949 rugby season, the T.D.H.S. gridders held a banquet in the Arlington Hotel to pay tribute to their coaches, Bob Phibbs and Mr. Hay. Almost the entire team was in attendance, and after the chicken (or was it rabbit?) dinner, the team captain, Douglas "Buzz" Palmer, presented gifts to Mr. Hay and Mr. Phibbs, on behalf of the team.

Mr. S. Wightman, chairman of the Tillsonburg District High School Board and former principal, then introduced the speaker of the evening, Jack Fairs. Mr. Fairs, a former student of T.H.S., and now an Assistant Athletic Director at the University of Western Ontario, told the boys about inter-collegiate rugby and many of its phases and coaching problems, illustrating his talk with several interesting and humorous anecdotes. Following his pleasingly informal talk, Mr. Fairs showed movies of the Queens-Western game and several reels on American football.

Principal W. P. Kirkwood was a welcome guest at the banquet, but Bob Phibbs, owing to a Trojan basketball game, was regrettably forced to leave early.

After a short period during which the speaker answered various questions, Kenneth Webster thanked him on behalf of the team.

And on behalf of the school, thank you, Messieurs Phibbs and Hay, for a thrilling, if slightly unsuccessful, season.

BOYS' INTERFORM BASKETBALL

The interform games didn't seem to take so long this year as last, but on the whole, very good sportsmanship was displayed by all. As usual, first form was the first eliminated. Second went next and fifth followed in the tracks of its predecessors, leaving last year's champs, fourth, to battle it out with the upstarts from third. During the first two quarters of the play-off, fourth was leading 15-7 in a very tight game, but as time marched on, third miraculously tied the score making it 17-17. The game ended in favour of third form, 27-21. The season's top scorer was Clifford Russ and runner-up was Noel Mason.

Play-Off Game

Fourth: (21)—C. Russ, 3; J. Tanner, 6; G. Miller, 6; D. Palmer, 6; J. Jones; R. Heckadon; L. Rodgers.

Third: (27)—N. Mason, 8; C. Wilkinson, 2; G. Fentie, 11; J. Steele; A. Sharp, 2; R. Ingraham, 2; S. Mayorcsak, 2; G. Horlick; V. Harvey; C. Ronson; B. Truefitt; J. Fish; D. MacLennan; R. Mason.

Clifford Russ, XII.

VOLLEY BALL

T.D.H.S.'s dormant volley ball stars were given their golden opportunity this year when volley ball was revived. Although there was no schedule there still is much dispute as to which was the winning team — was it the Junior Farmers or Pete's Promising Pros?

GYMANDO CONTESTS

The usual lull in school athletics between rugby and cadets was this year taken up by the Gymando Contests. These were tests of the all-round athletic ability of the entrants consisting of the following simple (?) exercises: chin the bar, front-over-bar, skin-the-cat, hang balance (on parallels), twenty push-ups, hand stand, head stand, ten consecutive baskets, thirty consecutive baskets in a minute and ten foul shots. These ordeals were held during P.T. periods for the benefit (or hospitalization) of grades 10 and 11.

HOCKEY

Too much history homework ! !

BASKETBALL

This year's senior basketball squad failed to keep up the fine record established by last year's W.O.S.S.A. "B" champs. In the new grouping of the London District Athletic Association of W.O.S.S.A. "A" competition the gold and black basketeers found the opposers too tough and in league play could manage only one win, that a thrilling 36-33 win over Medway early in the season.

The first game of league play was a one point loss to St. Thomas Collegiate. In the last minute of the game, the local cage stars although they had the leather sphere almost every second just couldn't find the hoop and as a result, lost 27-26.

Even in the highest scoring game of the season Lady Luck did not smile on the T.D.H.S. quintet and Tech took a thrilling 49-47 victory over the local standard-bearers.

Tillsonburg did make a fine showing in the new grouping with Arva, St. Thomas, Beck, Tech, Central, South, and De La Salle and the Juniors who lost all of their league games showed promise of some real future stars.

The odd thing about the Tillsonburg Senior basketball team is that they never lost an exhibition tilt.

Possibly next year with better facilities and more time for practice, Tillsonburg District will make a name for itself in the search for top honours in the basketball courts.

The senior team was ably captained by sharp-shooter Dick Peacock who completed the whole season with an amazing record of 121 points.

Don Peacock was the Junior top scorer with a season total of 63 points followed closely by G. Leatherdale, the captain, with 62 counters.

TRACK WINNERS
G. Miller, R. Prickett, P. Gibson, I. Horton.
Absent: C. Thomas.

At the W.O.S.S.A. play-offs.

Tillsonburg fan: "Come on Tillsonburg!"

Sandwich fan: "What's Tillsonburg, a disease?"

Tillsonburg fan: "Must be. They're making your team look sick."

Dick Peacock: "I was left halfback."

Buzz Palmer: "I was left fullback."

Noel Mason: "I was left off the team."

Everyone knows (we hope) that Dave Richards made the All-Star team as quarterback. But we wish to present the "crossed-bottles badge" to Bob Mason, whom we have chosen as the best waterboy in the league. Yea, Bob! Yea, Bob! Drip, drip, drip!

Steve Mayorcsak — (undressing after a rugby game)—I've got an ugly bump on my shoulder.

Mr. Hay—Yes, but you'd look just as silly without your head.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

STANDING: D. Peacock, P. Seres, C. Hale, G. Buckrell, A. Cain, P. Gibson.

KNEELING: W. Franklin, R. MacLennan, G. Leatherdale, I. Horton, W. Newman.

BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

STANDING: D. Eckel, N. Mason, R. Bennell, D. Moore.

SEATED: W. Watts, R. Prickett, R. Mannell, D. Palmer, W. Eichenberg.

CHEERLEADING

Cheerleaders are a part of a team and so are included in this column. The girls would like to thank their supporters and to praise the increase of the School Spirit during the latter part of this school year. They would also like to suggest that YOU learn the old and new cheers and support YOUR teams next year in the manner they deserve!

INTER-FORM BASKETBALL, XI

STANDING: R. Ingraham, B. Truefitt, P. Gibson, R. Bennell, D. MacLennan, S. Mayorcsak, J. Fish.

KNEELING: G. Fentie, V. Harvey, J. Steele, N. Mason, C. Wilkinson, A. Sharp.

CHEERS

Boom-a-laca

Boom-a-laca, Boom-a-laca
Bow-wow-wow
Chic-a-laca, Chic-a-laca
Chow-Chow-Chow
Boom-a-laca, Chic-a-laca
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Tillsonburg High School
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Black and Gold

Black and Gold! Black and Gold!
Hit 'em in the wishbone!
Knock 'em cold.
Treat 'em rough! Cave man stuff!
Pull their hair
And muss 'em up!
Razzle Dazzle
Sis Boom Bah
Tillsonburg High School
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Gold and Black

Gold and Black
Gold and Black
C'mon Team
Win 'em back!

Miss Ostrander—Jim! Are you chewing gum?

Jim—(after a quick gulp): No, Ma'am, I just swallowed it.

From Coast to Coast

From Coast to Coast
On land or sea
You should know us
Who are we?
Tillsonburg District
Tillsonburg High
Thru' thick and thin
We WILL get by!
T. D. H. S.
(clap, clap)
Hurrah!

2-4-6-8

2—4—6—8
Our Baskets soon accumulate
We wanna win! We're gonna win!!
We'll give the other team the gate
Shoot!
Score!
That's what we holler for—
Tillsonburg Baskets!
More! More! More!

Ti Di Hi

Ti Di Hi
Ti Di Ho
C'mon Tillsonburg
(Clap) Let's go!

Ugh-a-Boo

Ugh-a-boo, Ugh-a-boo
Ugh-a-boo-ugha
Rull-a-boo, Rull-a-boo
Rull-a-boo Rugha
Catch it more!
Drop it less!
Win this game for T. H. S.
Yea Tillsonburg!

Themistocles

Themistocles, Thermoyplae
The Peloponesian Wars
x2 y2
H_2SO_4
The Latin roots, the French verbs
Ancient History,
Do we take 'em? Well, I guess!
We belong to T. H. S.
Yea Tillsonburg!

Yea Tillsonburg

Yea Tillsonburg!
Yea Tillsonburg!
Fight! Fight! Fight!

Hamburgers

Hamburgers! Tillsonburgers!
Weinies on rye
What team are we for?
Tillsonburg High!

Tillsonburg

T-I-L-L-S-O-N-B-U-R-G (repeat 3 times)
Tillsonburg!

PUTTING OUR HEADS TOGETHER
OR
FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS

1. To a Blonde:

Fair maiden, thou with flaxen locks
And beauty far beyond compare,
Where hast thou found so great a charm.
Such personality which ne'er
Is seen again? Perchance thou art the favour'd one
Of Mother Nature, and her heir.
Or, in thy search of chemistry,
Has it, alas, done this for thee?

2. To a Brunette:

On thee, O dark and pensive lass,
I cast appraisingly my gaze:
Within, what serious thoughts and strange,
Thy soul to steep, thy mind doth raise,
Of mundane and immortal things,
I cannot guess for all thy ways.
Withal, thy dark and sober mien
Reflects great beauty seldom seen.

3. To a Red-head:

Now fall I prey to thy visage,
But now accustomed caution wear,
For hasty temperament, I've heard,
Is proven by thy flaming hair;
And further that thine attitude
Is changeable beyond compare.
Perhaps unfair thou art assess'd . . .
Is superficial beauty best?

4. To a Bald-head:

Here I depart (as doth the fur
From off the head of mentioned beast),
And give attention to the one
Whose pate by time now bared and creas'd
Still shines . . . a last memorial
To curly locks long since released.
If under hair he doth now groan,
You may be sure it's not his own!

5. To a Blockhead:

If while these craniums I peruse,
I fail to recognize this last,
I've not fulfilled the task I chose,
To analyse a group so vast.
He has no looks or brains or skills . . .
And in this mould his life is cast.
But life were dull if there were not some
Who delight in being "dumb"!

R. Jones, XII.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

STANDING: A. Gerhardt, B. MacEwan, G. Demaiter, M. E. McLeod, S. Doyle.
KNEELING: J. Smith, R. Monk, N. Warren, M. Stilwell, D. Helsdon.

Girls' Sports

Marilyn Stilwell XIII

The girls' activities in the world of sports were varied and plentiful this year. May we take this opportunity to thank Miss M. Rock, our gym instructress?

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Grouped with Simcoe, Woodstock and Brantford, the T.D.H.S. Sr. Girls Team won out in their W.O.S.S.A. "A" league this year to be given a chance to upset Windsor Sandwich who have taken the W.O.S.S.A. "A" Championship for five consecutive years. However, Sandwich came up from the short end of a half-time 16-12 score to win 37-25. This loss was the first this season for the locals following fourteen decisive wins for the girls in exhibition and league tilts.

Exhibition Games

T.D.H.S. vs. Aylmer (first)—32-15.
" vs. Ingersoll (first)—47-13.
" vs. Waterford (first)—21-19.
" vs. Waterford (second)—32-28.
" vs. Ingersoll (second)—47-12.
" vs. St. Thomas—32-18.
" vs. Aylmer (second)—32-20.
" vs. Woodstock—22-5.

W.O.S.S.A. "A" Group Games

T.D.H.S. vs. Woodstock—36-16.
" vs. Simcoe—36-13.
" vs. Brantford—32-18.
" vs. Woodstock—31-25.
" vs. Simcoe—52-16.
" vs. Brantford—41-14.

Semi-Finals

T.D.H.S. vs. Windsor Sandwich—25-37.
Won by Windsor.

The team is captained by Guard Nancy Warren. Tall and strong, Nancy is famous for her long hard passes past the six-man defence line. Nancy's forward finds her a difficult opponent.

Guard Georgette Demaiter prevents many baskets being scored by the opposing team. She is also excellent on the long and short passes.

Guard Barbara MacEwan is a second form student and has proven her basketball ability by stepping into a prominent position on the team with little previous experience.

Another guard making her debut in the basketball circles is Mary Elizabeth McLeod. She is a very hard player and has prevented her forward from running up high scores.

Dot Helsdon completes the strong guard line. Dot excels in interception of passes although she is an excellent guard in every way.

The forward line boasts of Jean Smith as a short but fast player. Her passing and team work is outstanding. Jean was our very efficient Team Manager.

Ruth Monk is the tall forward who is familiarly seen under the basket from which position Ruth has sunk a great many shots by dropping the ball over the rim. Seriously, Ruth isn't as tall as all that would seem but her height has aided her in being the top scorer of many games.

Forward Amelia Gerhardt is famed for her long one-handed shots which are usually successful. She is a fast player and has little trouble with her guard.

One of the fastest forwards by far, is Sharon Doyle. A junior team star of last year, Sharon has been top scorer of several games. She makes good use of the limited dribble (bounce) in escaping her guard.

Forward Marilyn Stilwell completes one of Western Ontario's fastest and most accurate of forward lines. She prefers faking and bouncing the ball to confuse her guard and has scored points for the team, many on long shots.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

The Junior Girls' team boasted of good basketball material to fill the empty ranks of last year's Senior squad. The girls played hard all season, experiencing some disappointments, but on the whole they deserve much credit for their wins and close losses. Jacqueline MacDonald was elected Captain and K. Sandor acted as Manager.

Shirley Tait was the standout forward and is almost sure of a Senior team position next year.

		Winner
T.D.H.S.	vs. Simcoe, 25-23,	Simcoe
"	vs. St. Thomas, 26-17,	St. Thomas
"	vs. Woodstock, 19-12,	Woodstock
"	vs. Woodstock, 21-9,	Woodstock
"	vs. Waterford, 24-23,	Waterford
"	vs. Woodstock, 17-16,	Woodstock
"	vs. Ingersoll, 32-24,	Tillsonburg
"	vs. Brantford, 15-7,	Tillsonburg
"	vs. Simcoe, 15-7,	Tillsonburg
"	vs. Brantford, 19-9,	Brantford

Records of at least two other games were lost. These games were won by Tillsonburg.

TRACK AND FIELD WINNERS
J. Denys, M. Brown, N. Warren, M. E. McLeod.

VOLLEYBALL

Senior and Junior Volleyball teams were chosen last fall and practices were held at noon when the Senior Team, captained by Nancy Warren, won over the Junior Team in some exhibition practices. There will be some inter-school exhibition volleyball games during the spring term if all goes well.

FIELD DAY AT TILLSONBURG

The high school track and field meet was marked by competition worthy of the Ancient Greeks. The girls were divided into four teams—Red, Blue, White, Black. The Red Team proved to be the winner.

Individual Winners—Champion

Senior — Jenny Denys, Nancy Warren, (tied); Runner-up—Ruth Monk.

Intermediate — Dorothy Helsdon; Runner-up—Sharon Doyle.

Junior—Mary Elizabeth McLeod; Runner-up—Elizabeth Sergeant.

Juvenile—Margaret Brown; Runner-up —Mae Nunn.

T.I.N.D.A. Inter-School Field Day

Although Tillsonburg girls chalked up the greatest number of points at this meet between Tillsonburg, Ingersoll, Norwich, Delhi and Aylmer high schools, at Delhi, the fact that our Alma Mater has a few extra students this year prevented Tillsonburg from bringing back the trophies. Our total number of points was divided by ten. Therefore we were only allowed to return with the many coloured ribbons (mostly red) which our girls won.

SPEEDBALL

The Blue Team won the speedball games which took place in the afternoons between 3:30 and 4:00 o'clock. Speedball is a combination of basketball and rugby and a volleyball is used in the game.

CADET OFFICERS — 1950

STANDING: A. Gerhardt, V. Thompson, G. Demaiter, B. Mason.

SEATED: E. Moon, S. McQueen, V. Vance, J. Smith, L. Law.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

STANDING: J. Hibbert, K. Sandor, B. Vanderhock, D. McKenney, S. Tait, G. Haycock, L. Agur.

KNEELING: P. Boughner, A. Nichols, J. McDonald, S. Corbett, J. Wellman.

INTER-FORM BASKETBALL, XI

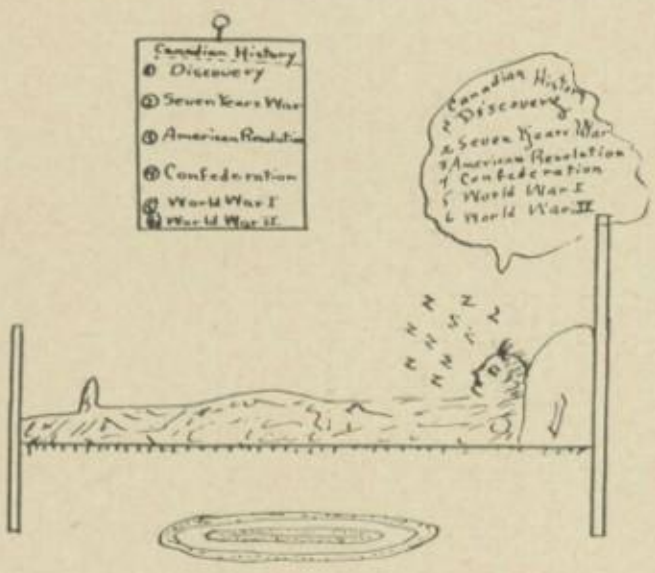
D. Helsdon, M. Ball, E. Gyulveszi, S. Tait, F. Monk, G. Haycock.

L. Law, K. Sandor, D. Lambert, P. Boughner, I. Buskiewicz.

M. Garnham, J. McDonald, J. Hibbert, I. MacMillan.

BADMINTON

A Badminton Club has been founded under the guidance of Miss Rock; the Presidency has been filled by Nancy Warren. A tournament will be held during the spring. In the meantime, new members will be welcomed at the practices Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.



"Yes, Mr. Hay, we sure do dream about history."

—D. Franklin, XA

Mrs. Barkman had just taken up ten very difficult French sentences. Looking around the room hopefully, but doubtfully, she inquired, "Tout corrects?" Finally Dick Cloes and Bill Mackie raised their hands.

"Do you mean to say that you both had all these sentences right?" she asked, amazed.

"Naw," answered Mackie, "you asked how many had **two correct** and we did."

Miss Field—What do you get when you find the weight of one cubic centimeter of a substance?

Bob Pearson—Destiny.

Mr. Hay was describing some hypothetical situations at a chalk-talk, to see what strategy the quarterbacks would use.

Mr. Hay: "With three minutes left in the last quarter, you're behind 100-0; you have the ball on your own three-yard line, last down, nineteen yards to go. Now, what would you do?"

Dave Richards: "Send George Leatherdale into the game."

Deft—Initions

Spring—Budding young girl.

Boy—The sap that starts to run.

ROGUES' GALLERY OF XI B

Name	Alias	Weakness	Favourite Saying	Ambition
Lois Law	Loey	Buddy	Yea, Tillsonburg	Mrs. Wilson.
Shirley Tait	Shirl	Basketball	Oops—missed	Be able to play basketball.
Joan Wellman	Chicken	Brownie	Yes, dear	Mrs. Brown.
Olive Burnett	Bertie	Algebra	I got the answer	Music teacher.
Peter Gibson	Gibby	Answering a question	I was NOT talking....	To be able to skate.
Noel Mason	Showboat	History	I could spit	History teacher.
Cyril Wilkinson	Stud	Girls	Hello "Baby Noel"....	A girl.
Bond Truefitt	Fish	Mrs. Barkman	Fish	To be a shark.
Wray Watts	Flash	Hockey	Nothing	To go to Aylmer.
Gerald Webster	Webby	Homework	I know	To play like Iturbi.
Verne Harvey	Cockney	Languages	I say old bean	Englishman.
Irene Buckiewicz	Busky	Not enough marks....	Gee whilikers	Traveller.
Maybelle Thompson	Mable	Bob	That's logical	Bus rider.
Marion Jean Pearce	Gorgeous	That long shot	Holy cow	Druggist.
Aldona Vasiliunas	Dona	School	Geeps	Another Florence Nightingale.
George Leatherdale...	Bubber	His long shot	Don't, Kati	Man in the moon.
Paul Seres	Saul	Women	You stupid nut	To drive a car.
Kathleen Sandor	Kati	Referees	No, George	To play a basketball game.
David Richards	Shortstuff	Corky	Holy schmucklebuck..	Mr. S. Corbett.
Don. MacLennan	Long Don	Fords	Well, it — —	Own a Ford.
Roy Ingraham	Tex	Legs	Milkman, keep those bottles quiet	To own a milk wagon.
Larry Jackson	Sprat	Physics	Well gee	Own a poolroom.
Evelyn Mathews	Red	Behind her	Now quit	To have black hair.
Jackie MacDonald	Froggy	Station wagons	Yeah	Hardwares.
Hilda Knautz	Josephine	Books	Look into my eyes....	To hypnotize people.
Tibi Varga	Tib	100 in algebra	Yes, ma'am	To be Mr. Alexander.
Frances Monk	Fanny	Ruth's basketball	I want to play basketball	To walk fast.
James Steele	Brushy	Beck Collegiate	See my blue eyes	To have a Toni.
Robert Mason	Slob	Ann	Did not	100 in algebra.
Gordon Fentie	Fencie	Bells	Well, I dunno	Cheerleader.
Kerene Kelly	Kerosene	Bach	Music, music, music..	To play like Miss Grieve.
Clifton Ronson	Clifford	Blushing	Shut up and get your hand off my desk	Kerosene.
Marilyn Mabee	Mabe	Curly hair	Throw the books out	To throw them out.
Irene MacMillan	Honey	Boys	Who's taking me out to-night?	To sleep during physics.
Dorothy Lambert	Dot	Tickling	STOP IT	To pass in physics.
Earle Hughes	Slats	Tongue wagging	Yes, I'm chewing gum	To chew more gum.

LANGUAGES

EDITED BY RICHARD JONES, XII

Dedication

To Miss Marjorie Howitt, B.A., who for eighteen years faithfully served Tillsonburg High School in the capacity of teacher of modern languages until her resignation in 1949, the language section of the 1950 TATLER is respectfully dedicated.

WHY NOT STUDY CHINESE?

By Gordon R. Taylor, M.A.

When I overhear students complain of the complexities of Latin grammar or the difficulties of French spelling I always wish to suggest that they begin the study of Chinese. This language has neither grammar nor spelling! Its four hundred million speakers live not only in the Chinese Republic but also in Siam, Malaya, Indonesia, Hawaii and America. Moreover it is the language of education and culture in Japan, Korea and Annam. No other literature in the world has continued in the same written form from about 800 B.C. to the present day. That means that if you learn to read Chinese you can read the celebrated Chinese classics and the writings of Confucius and you can enjoy the lovely lyrics and rhythmic prose of the renowned T'ang dynasty (618-907 A.D.) or the clever and witty dramas of the Yuan dynasty in the latter half of the XIII century just as readily as you can peruse yesterday's Chinese newspaper published in Toronto or New York. What other literature offers such a stimulating variety of appeal or presents such a range of material?

Like every other language spoken in Asia, Chinese makes a considerable distinction between its spoken and written forms, between the colloquial and the literary. It is as if one should always use *dog* in conversation but always write *canine*. The two forms of the language differ not only in vocabulary but also to some extent in sentence structure. The literary form demands short terse sentences with a well marked rhythm and abundant parallel structure. The colloquial permits longer sentences of a freer and more fluid structure.

You have all heard Chinese being spoken and have been struck by the peculiar "sing-song" effect. This is due to the presence of tones in the language. The one word may be pronounced in several different tones, such as the even, rising or the falling. Thus the Chinese word *fan* in one tone means *return; fan* in another tone means *against;* in another tone may mean *cooked rice* and again may mean *uncivilized* or *barbarian!* The words for *buy* and *sell* are the same but are in different tones. Some Chinese wonder why the missionary may be saying "trousers in the fields" while the missionary may be praying "our Father in heaven," (but for the changes of Tone). *Four chunks* and *dead dogs* sound the same but for the tone: caveat emptor!

Being spoken by so many millions of people living over such a wide area, Chinese has many dialects. Look at the map of China and trace the coast-line south from Shanghai to Hong Kong. In the provinces along this part of the coast is spoken a great variety of dialects. Each large port has its own dialect—Canton, Swatow, Amoy, Foochow, Wenchow, Ningpo and Shanghai—and each dialect has a number of local variations. Our Chinese in Canada speak various forms of Cantonese; the Chinese in Formosa (T'ai-wan) and most of those who live in Java and Singapore speak the Amoy dialect. Throughout the rest of China the people use one form or another of "Kus-yii." The form spoken in Peiping (Peking) used to be called "Manderin." The tones decrease in number from nine in Cantonese to four in the north, Amoy having seven and Foochow six. A word ending in *K, P,* or *T* in the south will drop this letter in the north. *Six* is *luk* in Canton and *lu* in Peking; *eight* is *paat* in Canton and *pa* in Peking.

It will thus be seen that it is not possible for a person speaking one dialect to understand any other dialect. For this reason the written language is extremely important. As there is no Chinese alphabet the written words do not represent sounds or syllables. They are known as characters or ideographs and each represents an idea, not a word. But the characters are written the same wherever Chinese is written and

one reads them pronouncing them according to the pronunciation of one's own dialect. In the western world we write the symbol *5*. This symbol is like a Chinese character in that it does not represent a sound but an idea. Thus an Englishman sees it and pronounces it "five"; a Frenchman reads it "cinq"; a Spaniard "cinco" and a German "feunf." But to all these people, regardless of the manner in which they pronounce it, the symbol *5* has the same meaning. Similarly a Chinese character is pronounced quite differently in the various dialects and also in the languages of Korea, Japan, and Annam but will always have the same meaning regarless of pronunciation. The character which means *"five"* is read *"wu"* in north China, *"ng"* in Canton and Hong Kong, and *"go"* in Japan.

The earliest characters were pictures and very simple. Thus *one*, *two*, and *three* are simply one, two and three, horizontal lines respectively. A small square (originally a circle) represents *mouth* or *opening;* the same square with three short horizontal lines above it representing the breath means *words* or the verb *to talk* (just hot air coming out of the mouth!). The sign for *person* below a horizontal line representing the horizon denotes any of the following: *under, below, down, lower, to descend, inferior.* Conversely the sign for *person* above a horizontal line denotes any of the following: *on, upon, up, above, upper, to ascend, to mount, superior.* You can easily see how fascinating the study of Chinese characters may become!

It is small wonder that the study of Chinese is annually attracting more and more keen-minded students in our universities. Ability to read the language in its literary form opens up the world's greatest and most comprehensive national literature, while even being able to speak it in any of its dialects broadens one's horizons so that one can span the oceans and embrace the continents.

To George Gyulveszi

Crack! . . went the gun; he ran with all his might;
He sprinted very fast; there was no one else in sight.
Imagine his surprise, as the finish-line he passed,
To find he'd run the wrong way and come in last.

G. Miller, Grade 12.

ACTIVITY IN SPANISH

Talk about Latin being a dead language! It's not half as dead as Spanish around T.D.H.S. So moribund is this modern Romance language that we now have only one active *senorita* in our entire enrolment. There is, of course, the odd student here and there who is known to have at least some elementary training in Spanish; however, the only person who has perseveringly adhered to the language is Betty Williams of Grade XIII.

Passing through the lower hall between 4:00 and 4:30, one may often observe this lone figure labouring over exercises or following in her text while Senorita Ostrander reads forth strange and guttural sounds, known only to these two.

It is not surprising that this quiet-spoken miss has patiently continued her extra-curricular study of Spanish for three years when one realizes her eagerness to become adept at the language. An interview with her did not succeed in securing much definite information with regard to her aims, but it is understood that she hopes to undertake missionary work in South America. Whatever is Senorita Williams's objective, the language department hereby wishes her every success.

The following is a fanciful Spanish poem with Betty's translation:

Desgarrada la nube; el arco iris
brillando ya en el cielo
y en un fanal de lluvia,
y sol el campo envuelto.

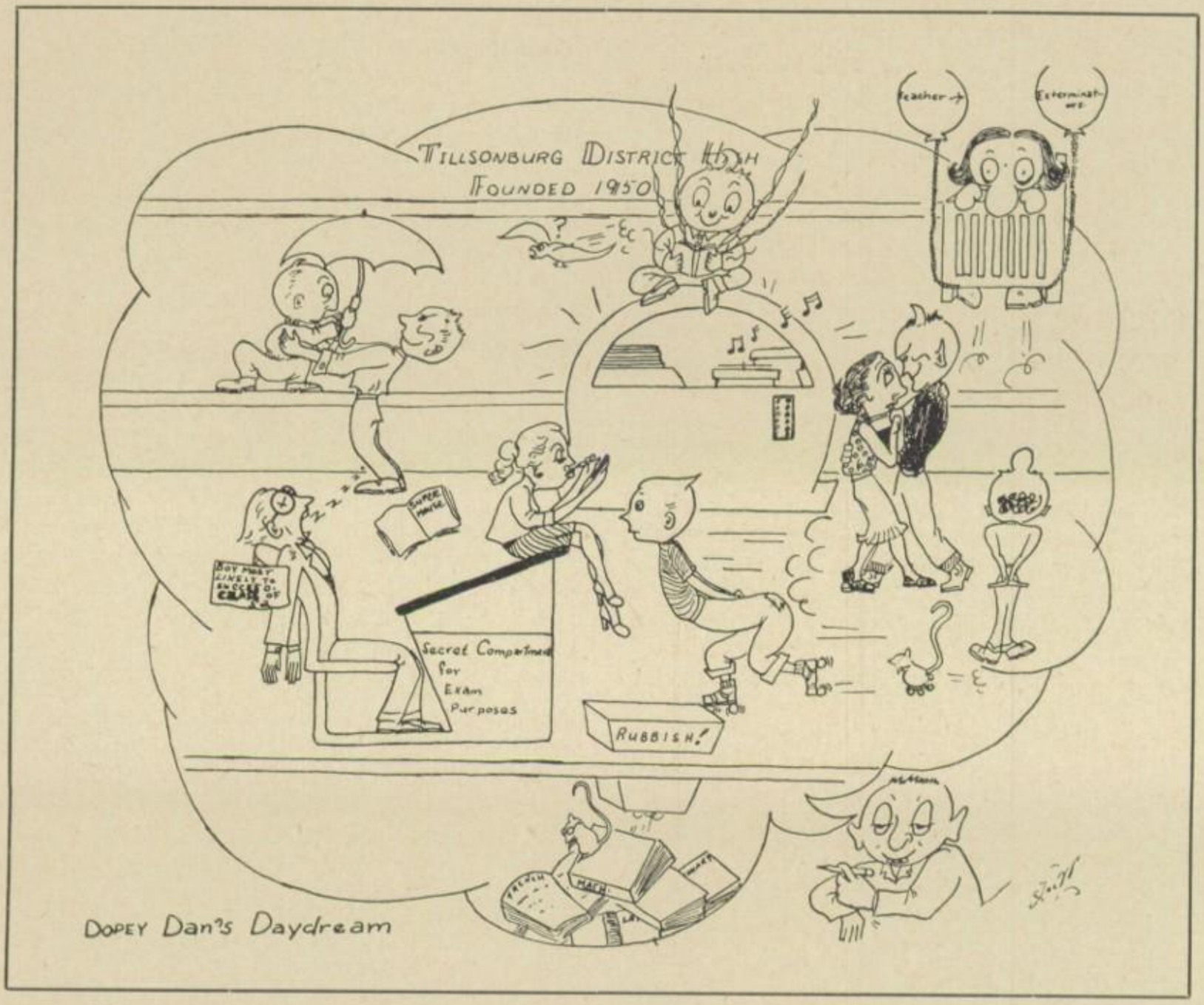
. . . ¡ El limonar florido,
el cipresal del huerto,
el prado verde, el sol, el agua, el iris . . .!
j el agua en tus cabellos! . . .

Y todo en la memoria se perdéa
como una pompa de jabón al viento.

Torn is the cloud, the rainbow
Shining in the sky,
And in the rainflow,
The sun-wrapped meadows lie.

The lemon trees in bloom and the evergreen
The garden wall yon,
The sun, the rain, the rainbow, the meadow green!
The rain your hair on!

And all was gone in my mind,
Soap bubble flitting in the wind.



TO HORACE IN THE ABSENCE OF MISS GRIEVE

Ah, Horace, why didst thou contrive
To write in verse for me to read,
Misunderstand
And throw my hand
In gesture indicating need?

Need? Yes need! to me 'tis clear—
I need Miss Grieve to now be here!

I've struggled, fought with verb and tense,
Been spurned by purpose clause and such,
My mind's a blank,
I'll never thank
You for disrupting me so much!

When you preferred subjunctive's use,
I fear a screw somewhere was loose!

Marilyn Stilwell XIII.

MUSIC

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

LA MUSIQUE

La chanson quand les voix molles meurent,
Dans l'âme fait tremblement;
L'arome quand diminuent les fleurs
Habite la joie en l'inventant.

Le feuillage de rose quand la rose périt
Fait la couche de celle qu'on aime;
Ainsi ton esprit quand tu n'es plus ici,
Par amour dormira tout de même.

Translation: Richard Jones, XII.

LETTRE DE PARIS

Paris, France,
le 8 février, 1950.

Chers lecteurs du Tatler:

En réponse à la demande de votre très aimable professeur, Mlle Ostrander, voici quelques lignes sur la vie et les vues de Paris. N'ayez pas peur, ce sera un récit bien court. Un peu de courage, et vous y êtes!

Vous avez tous entendu parler de la Place de la Concorde, cette grande place au bord de la Seine, dominée par son obélisque, décorée de ses fontaines et de ses statues. Regardons donc cette place, les avenues qui s'y croisent les gens qui la traversent, et nous verrons un peu ce qu'est Paris.

"Concorde", vous le savez, veut dire "paix" ou "harmonie". Quel drôle de nom, car c'est sur cette place même que tant d'aristocrates français, y compris le roi Louis XVI et la reine Marie Antoinette, ont été exécutés pendant la Révolution. Actuellement il ne reste aucune trace de toute cette horreur, et la place a repris la sérénité de son nom.

Eh bien, nous voici au pied de ce grand obélisque égytien qui se trouve au beau milieu de la place. Regardons l'autre côté de la Seine, la rive gauche. A peu près en face, mais à droite, s'élève le dôme splendide des Invalides; c'est sous ce dôme que Napoléon est enterré dans son sarcophage de porphyre rouge. Et un peu plus loin, au-dessus des arbres et des toits, se dresse la Tour Eiffel, que couronne, la nuit, une lumière rouge. A notre gauche s'étend le quartier latin, un des plus vieux quartiers de la ville. Et voici la Sorbonne, l'âme de ce quartier étudiant. On peut y passer bien des heures à parcourir ses rues étroites, à visiter ses vieilles églises et ses nombreux cafés où les étudiants discutent de l'art, de la philosophie et de l'amour.

Et maintenant, si nous nous retournons, laissant derrière nous la Seine, à notre gauche s'allonge l'avenue des Champs-Elysées, une des plus belles avenues du monde. Montons cette avenue célèbre. Admirons ses beaux magasins, ses arbres magnifiques, et, si nous sommes fatigués, asseyons—nous dans un de ses cafes dont les tables bordent partout le trottoir. Au bout des Champs-Elysées surgit, magestueux, l'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile sous lequel est enterré le Soldat Inconnu. Et pourquoi dit-on "de l'Etoile"?: douze avenues rayonnent autour de l'Arc!

Si nous aimons la musique et le théâtre, allons de la Concorde jusqu'au quartier de l'Opéra. Tous les soirs, à Paris, pour cent francs, on peut prendre une bonne place pour la représentation d'un opéra, d'un ballet, ou d'une pièce de théâtre. Et après le théâtre prenons un taxi à Montmartre, ce coin pittoresque avec ses cabarets, ses music-halls, ses boîtes de nuit.

Et n'oublions pas que ce n'est qu'une petite promenade d'une vingtaine de minutes de la Concorde à Notre-Dame, depuis tant de siècles le symbole de la vie religieuse de la France catholique. Je vous conseille d'y aller le dimanche, d'admirer les vitraux, de contempler la pompe de la grand'messe, et d'entendre les grandes orgues magnifiques.

Jetons de nouveau les regards sur la Place de la Concorde elle-même. A n'importe quelle heure de la journée on voit quelque part sur la place des gens qui viennent de sortir du Métro, la couleur rouge des taxis Renault, des amoureux qui, suivant le coutume ici, s'embrassent partout sur la voie publique. De ce côté-ci un artiste s'occupe à peindre un coin quelconque de la Seine; là-bas c'est un acteur qui court à une répétition, un musicien à un concert ou un étudiant à sa classe. Et malgré le bruit infernal des autos, on entend le cri d'un vieux vendeur de journaux, le "Bonjour, ça va bien?" de deux amis, ou l'accent étranger d'un touriste qui demande des renseignements. Voilà la Place de la Concorde, telle que je l'ai vue.

Voilà mon récit terminé. Si vous avez été assez courageux pour parcourir ces lignes, mes félicitations.

A vous et à vos professeurs, meilleurs voeux, bon courage, et bonne chance.

H. Donald Nobbs, T.H.S. '40

ADVERSUS LABORI

Puellam video. Puella aegra est. Puella parva est. In cathedra sedet. Cathedra antiqua est.

Puerum video. Puer aeger est. Puer parvus est. In cathedra sedet. Cathedra antiqua est.

Cathedra eadem est.

Edith Moon, XII.

"CHANSON d'AUTOMNE"

by Paul Verlaine

(Editor's Note: Paul Verlaine was a French lyric poet born in Metz in 1844. His poetry is characterized by simple language and prominent rhythm, and has been compared to the music of Debussy, a contemporary of Verlaine. Until his death in 1896, he wrote many poems, the beauty of which is shown in "Chanson d'Automne.")

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l'automne
Blessent mon coeur
D'une langueur
Monotone.

Tout suffocant
Et blême, quand
Sonne l'heure
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure;

Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.

"SONG OF AUTUMN"

The long-drawn sobs
Of autumn violins
Rend my heart
With unceasing
Languishment.

When the hour tolls,
All choking and pallid
I remember bygone days
And weep.

Then I return from them
To an evil wind
Which carries me
Here, there, and beyond,
Like unto a dead leaf.

Translation by E.L.A.C.M.

"LE PAUVRE MENDIANT AVEUGLE"

"Ayez pitié d'un pauvre aveugle," a crié l'homme sur le coin de rue, "Il fait très froid aujourd'hui" a-t-il réfléchi, comme il a tendu sa petite boîte, "et le vent est comme une haleine brutale." Tout à coup, pendant qu'il pensait ainsi, un gamin a saisi sa boîte et est descendu la rue en courant. L'aveugle a oublié qu'il était "aveugle" et a couru après le gamin.

Naturellement le gamin pouvait courir beaucoup plus vite que le mendiant, et il semblait que le garçon allait échapper. Mais quand il s'est tourné la tête pour voir si le mendiant aveugle le suivait toujours, le gamin est tombé; l'homme, fâcheux et sans haleine, a sauté sur le garçon et a repris sa boîte.

A ce moment, le père du gamin, un gros homme, a apparu!

Aujourd'hui, un gros homme aveugle et son fils, aveugle aussi, se trouvent debout sur le coin de rue, tenant une petite boîte et criant, "Ayez pitié de nous!" Et tous les jours un ouvrier s'approche des deux, et tremblant de peur, donne un cadeau généreux. Après cela, avec un coup d'oeil triste à la boîte, il s'en va en courant.

Gary Miller, XII.

PULCHRA NOX

Nox pulchrum verbum est. Sonus verbi lucem lucentem in caelo et lunam se celantem inter arbores commemorat. Multae res nocte accidunt. Amor noctem exspectat ubi duo adulescentes soli esse possent. Cor defessum scit noctem pacem ferre. Ubi vesper venit, silentium trans terram cadit, et animalia parva dormiunt. Sive hiems est sive aestas, nox pulchra est et eam amo.

Vicki Vance, XII.

ALBUM MONSTRUM

Nullae stellae in caelo erant. Nox atra silens erat. Subito umbra viri in semita (path) apparuit. Ille cantabat.

Repente se vertit et currere incepit. Simul ac ad viam pervenit, in noctem clamavit. Sonus vocis eius per noctem iit.

Cives ex suis casis exierunt. Unus eum rogavit cur clamavisset. Eis respondit se rem magnam et albam in semita vidisse.

Omnes cum eo ad videndum hoc monstrum ierunt. Omnes lucernas suas in semitam verterunt. Deinde magnum monstrum viderunt. Canis parvus et albus in semita in luce lunae sedebat.

Ramona Kisielis, XII.

MEUS CONDISCIPULUS

Carolus est meus condiscipulus. Validissimus maximus que est. Oculi eius per vitrum vident. Pulchras puellas amat. Quattuor fratres et duas sorores habet. Multas vaccas habet et eas prima luce et vespero curat. Melior athleta est. Ludum pilae in calathum iaciendae ludit. Celerrime trans glaciem cum baculo volat. Nemo non eius amicus est, praesertim Gordius Faenum, noster magister historiae.

Jack Tanner, XII.

SERVI LIBRORUM

Discipuli huius ludi servi librorum sunt. Strues (heaps) eorum quaque nocte ad nostras domos portamus. Interdum omnes nostros labores non facimus et postridie ab nostris magistris punimur. Aliae res jucundae et faciles sunt, aliae aridae difficilesque sunt, sed omnes tempus requirunt. Fortasse aliquo die tempus sed non facultatem discendi mea studia habebo.

Ena Bradfield, XII.

RES

A student has suggested that the word *examination* might be derived from the Latin verb *exanimo* which means *kill through grief or fear.* All agreed??

* * *

An aspiring linguist in Grade 12 reminds us, with regard to Latin third declension nouns, that "All us men are neuter" (or to the less literate, -al, -us, -men -ar!)

! ! !

And from Grade 13, we heard the following: Miss Ostrander: "Pourquoi étudie-t-on le français dans les lycées de la province d'Ontario?" Harvey Smith: "Parce qu'il y a beaucoup de Françaises près d'ici."

* * *

For those of you zealous Latin fanatics who would like to widen your vocabularies, we offer the following modern creations. We should advise you, however, to accept them lightly, for we somehow have a sneaking suspicion that Miss Grieve would not accept them at all!

to die . . . bucketum kickare.

to laugh at, deride, ridicule . . . yeko, yekere, yak, yak, ha, ha.

(irregular verb)

to torture . . . ad ludum mittere

to study French or to take a study period . . . snoro, snorare, sleepi, sleptum.

fiend, torturer, dictator . . . principal, principalis (m)

report card . . . fail, fatalis (c).

! ! !

When the Grade 11 French exam demanded a synonym for *mari,* one mind in desperation suggested "viellard?"

* * *

Also from Grade 11 comes the following effort from the Easter exam in Latin sight:

The sentence: Caesar in Britanniam cum maioribus venit."

The translation: "Caesar came into Britain with some Maori troops."

! ! !

And then there was this one:

French Teacher: "Will you please translate this sentence: 'Mon chien est plus joli que celui de mon professeur'."

Student: "My dog is better looking than my teacher."

* * *

Miss Grieve told Grade 12 that the test for a good piece of Latin prose is "Does it make sense if you've never seen it before?" Well, having just looked over a few pages of Livy for the first time, we've decided that that doesn't make much sense. Therefore, we have reached the conclusion that everyone else in the world is wrong in considering Livy to be a great writer! . . . or are we just naturally stupid? ! !

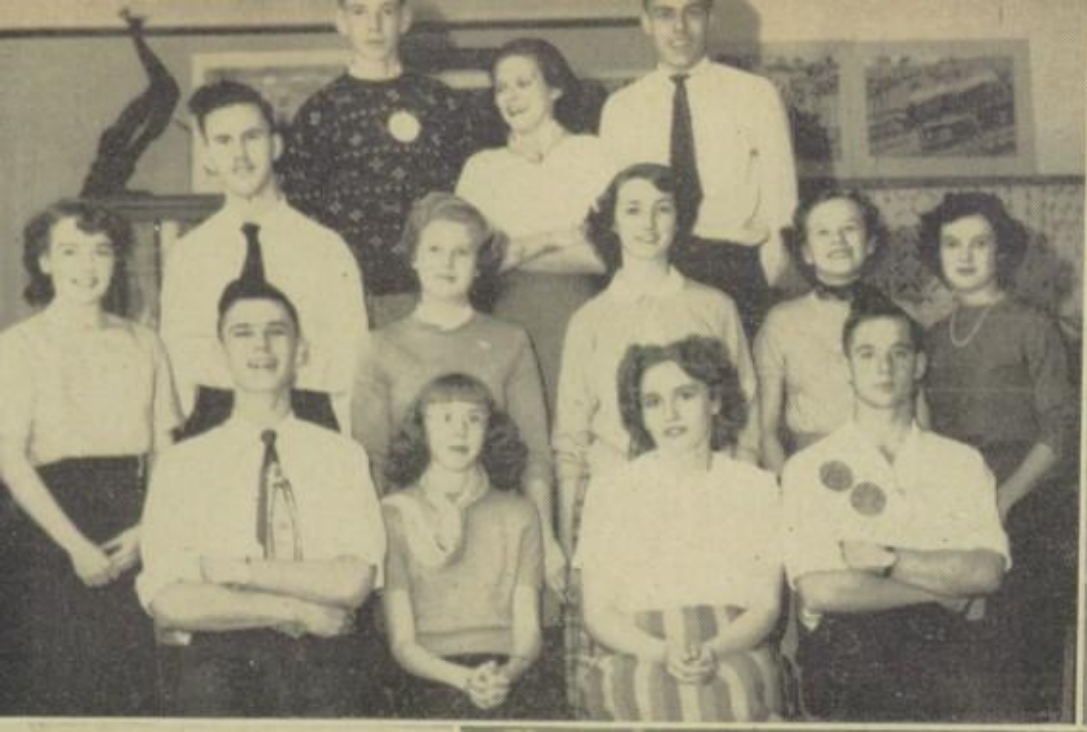
! ! !

While nosing through a neighbour's Latin text, we stumbled (as we usually do in Latin) across a number of aptly translated maxims. We quote a few of them with a fervent hope that those geniuses who can actually read Latin (we're taking for granted that such critters are not entirely extinct) will not take offence.

(1) De mortuis nil nisi bonum—To die is not good.
(2) Dum vivimus, speramus—While we live, we breathe.
(3) Noli irritare leones—Don't bother Leone.
(4) Faber est quisque suae fortunae—Father is tight-fisted with his fortune.
(5) Multa petentibus multa desunt—Many pup-tents had collapsed.
(6) Ad meliora—To the watermelons!

* * *

Valete!



Guess
who??

POETRY

EDITED BY EDITH MOON, XII

INVITATION TO THE DANCE

(Best Poem About School Life)

For weeks there reigned a festive air,
But you alone sat in despair.
You hoped that there would be a chance
For an invitation to the dance.

Then it came with freckled face,
Friendly grin and loping pace,
With stammered word and hopeful glance,
An invitation to the dance.

Then it was over. About you lie
The souvenirs of that dance gone by.
What started this, your new romance?
An invitation to the dance.

Margaret French, XII.

DECEMBER GLOOM

(Best Descriptive Poem)

The dull December twilight falls
From Autumn's mistiness and gloom;
And save for sad winds' quiet moans,
The silent world's a tomb.

The sky is banked with clouds of gray;
The bleak wind sings an age-old tune,
And shoves into the sullen clouds
A pale unwilling moon.

Starkly against that sullen sky
A black tree stands, whose branches lift
And tangle with the fir-tops high,
In thin gray cloudy mist.

And over by the sodden fence,
A cedar, limp, and tinged with brown,
Forlornly waits with mem'ries of
Past snowflakes drifting down.

Now underneath, the sod is wet,
And to each footfall as I pass
Its dank brown sogginess yields deep
. . . . Squishing, muddy, grass.

Ruby Makins, XIII.

PESSIMIST'S SEASONS

(Best Humorous Poem)

Spring at last!
All is muddy
"Isn't it lovely."
Cooed fuddy-duddy!

Summer comes
Sticky and hot!
The soil is baked.
Sweet summer! Rot!

Autumn follows,
Things are bleak,
The wind is cold
On my grey cheek.

Winter now,
But there's no snow
Just freezing rain;
Wouldn't you know!

V. Vance, XII.

DESOLATION

The streets were stark and bare,
Yet I fell beneath a gaudy throng.
The sky was dark, I swear,
But the sun pained my eyes with its brilliance strong.
Heavy my heart did I wear,
And though my spirit dragged, ne'er
Did my step show that aught was wrong.
Such is the fate for only
Those who are always lonely.

E. Moon, XII.

SING OUT

Sing out, my weary one, sing e'en
Just as a mocking-bird will sing,
Beneath a spreading evergreen
In early spring.

Why fret and worry, doubt and fear,
Why care too much for earthly weal?
This world has not a sorrow here
That heaven cannot heal.

Anne Pauls, XIII.

A SERIOUS POEM

(Humorous Poem . . Honourable Mention)

I thought I would write a serious poem;
I thought that I would really show 'em.
I chose a serious title, you see,
So that I could write philosophy.
I thought me out some rare fine thoughts;
I thought and thought till I had lots,
And then I spent considerable time
To figure out a suitable rhyme;
'Twas then I thought my work half done;
"The rest," said I, "is mostly fun."
Then I wrote down the starting line.
"That's good," I thought. "That's really fine."
With pride I showed it round at home.
They said it was a skilful poem,
"But what's the rhyme scheme did you say?"
"Oh" said I, "the rhyme scheme's 'A'."
So far, so good, but who would dream
That with more lines I'd need more scheme?
So I combined the rhyme and the thought;
Then, horrors, came another thought . . . .
The rhythm! . . . . . I quit!

Dick Gibson, XIII.

REVERIES

(Imaginative Poem . . . Honourable Mention)

Night descends the heavenly stairs
Companioned by stars in groups and pairs,
To banish all the little cares
Of man.

The golden moon aroused in mist
Appears all-hallowed and angel-kissed,
Greets each star and none is missed,
Not one.

Each little zephyr plays his part,
As if 'twere breathed from angel's harp—
To soothe the weary and anxious heart
Of each.

Stillness of night invades the ear;
Peace engulfs that tyrant, Fear,
Gently submerges each little tear
In dreams.

Amelia Gerhardt, XIII.

THY LOVE

(Best Philosophic or Religious Poem)

With worshipping eyes of sparkling blue,
The youth stood rapt in prodigious awe,
At the morning world bejewelled with dew,
And offered praise for what he saw.

"Oh God, my Father, who reigns above
With predetermined thoughts, and skill
Which yet to me dost prove Thy love,
And dost my land with glories fill.

How may I show in my few years,
The thanks, the praise, that I as debtor
Owe Thee, as with flow of tears
My heart now learns to love Thee better?"

Donald Currie, XIII.

A GIFT DIVINE

(Best Imaginative Poem)

Winelike, wafted, gentle Breeze,
Throbbing voice of ageless trees,
Leave thy cool secluded haunt
Pure and free from envious taunt,
And wake anew thy song, unsought,
That paean of praise by Nature wrought.

Dost know that by God's grace divine
Thy vibrant tones a charm confine?
Though time hast come to cast thy spell,
The death of swooning winds to knell,
There's nought in thy enchanted sigh
To warn that Winter's snow is nigh;
Trees, shorn of Autumn's motley coat,
Lift lyric arms to swell thy throat.

Dost know that by God's grace divine
Thy vibrant tones a charm confine?

Jean Scrimgeour, XIII.

INFERIORITY

"Hey, You!" . . . .
Not me; of course not:
To him, I'm but a mere small tot.

"I say, You!" . . . .
Not me; I'm shy!
Just a plain insignficant guy.

"I beg your pardon, Sir!" . . . .
Not me! A sir?
It's his mistake, why should I suffer?

"Hey, Kid!" . . . .
That's me! No less;
But gee, he knows I'm . . . . . "Yes?"

Bud Ketchabaw, XIII.

DEAR HEART, GOODBYE

(Philosophic or Religious Poem . . . . . Honourable Mention)

With burning cheek and glazing eye
I drew my last free breath.
A loved one drowned in my deep sigh
And cursed God for my death.
Good mercy pitied me and then
I took His hand in mine,
"Dear Heart, your life must start again
From the promise 'I'll be Thine,'
Remember, Dear, that God knows best
When the balance sways like this.
Now I shall have eternal rest,
So, Sweet, good-bye. A kiss
And then I shall be gone . . .
A memory only to your mind . . .
Or distant tune of song."

E. Moon, XII.

I DON'T CARE

The moon is bright
On sparkling snow.
A night of nights . .
How well I know.
But it's so warm by the fire.

The skaters laugh
The skiers shout;
They're having fun
Without a doubt.
But it's so warm by the fire.

The gleeful crowds
In moonlight basked . .
I wonder why
I wasn't asked.

V. Vance, XII.

THE NEW YEAR

The withered old patriarch will pass
Weary of turmoil's adversity
His traditional scythe and hour-glass
Will slowly fade to obscurity.

But hark, what rosy cherub gay
With merry eyes and beaming face
Herald of festive holiday
Now comes, his father's steps to trace.

Oh may his coming be an omen
Of gladness, love, and mirthful fun
With peace on earth good will to men
And a prosperous year to everyone.

Anita Hall, XIII.

ON THE CHANGING OF THE DECADE

(Honourable Mention . . . School Life)

O bearded Father Time, who ushered out
A glorious but fading fourth decade,
From which has poured contrivances man-made
And intricate; our heirs, no doubt,
Will look upon these gateways to, and shout
Rash praises of, a televised and jet-
Propulsioned world, in which mankind will yet
Reap great discoveries from "the forties bout":
Oh hear our plea. Bring to posterity,
And all who dwell in this atomic age,
A new conceit of present imagery;
To use as tools of peace, not war . . . O Sage,
Thy stern hand holds man's fate ironically,
And charts the "fifties' " course on Time's white page.

Shirley Holland, XIII.

SMOKE SCHEMES

Rising and falling in circles it swirls
Gradually making a sheet of grey

On top of my head, a wreath there, it settles,
But a swish of my curls and it hurries away.

It flows gently onward, with smooth streaming motion,
Mocks the long grasses in sparkling white streams,

Bites at my eyes, which sting for a moment,
And ere I can catch it, is gone as in dreams.

As in dreams, when I waken, the images fade,
The magic in Dreamland is lost for the day.

But watching the smoke eddies whirling, we can
Make believe we are dreaming the day-light way.

Marilyn Stilwell, XIII

HOPE

The night is black,
And so my heart.
With soothing wind
My tears soon start
And then appears
Clear moonlight.

My troubled mind
Is given hope
By radiance bright
On snowy slope.
Oh, how I welcome
Soft moonlight!

My head was bowed.
I now look up.
Comfort spills
From golden cup.
How wonderful . . .
Soft moonlight,
Clear moonlight.

V. Vance, XII.

I should like to extend an expression of thanks to all those who contributed to the poetry section of our school magazine but failed to see their work in print.

Your spirit is what aids in a school's maturity.

Without your co-operation school spirit would die.

Again many thanks and an ardent wish that your good work will continue to thrive throughout the years.

E. Moon.

Grade Twelve has found a new, simplified method of doing geometry deductions.

Given: See diagram.
Required: See book.
Proof: See J. Chambers.

Past, Present, Future
T. Alexander, XIA

DEATH OF A DREAM

The day was nearly over
And books were put away
When suddenly someone handed her
A note to beg her stay.
A smile crept o'er her face
For she knew who wrote that way.
She thought of the dance next Friday
And of her new exotic dress.
He would ask her now, he surely would,
What a great relief of stress!
Just then the class-bell jingled;
Her hopes went soaring high,
As she thought of how she'd answer
Without an obvious sigh.
He sauntered to her desk;
Her throat went suddenly dry.
Then he said to her quite slowly,
"Your careful work is always right;
Lend me your chemistry book tonight."

E. Simmons, XII.

COMMENCEMENT

(Continued from Page 28)

Secondary School Honour Graduation Diplomas—Douglas Ashman, Helen Brown, William Fletcher, Mary Louise Grass, Ronald McCurdy, Reginald Mason, Marilyn Milmine, Mary Naylor, Donald Neale, John Nichols, Noel Rokeby, Margaret Sandham, Anthony Slama, Helen Spanics, Eric Steele, Donald Sykes, George Teall, Beatrice Thompson, Hazel Leone Turner.

Secondary School Graduation Diploma—Betty Burnett, Eva Carmanico, Donald Currie, Georgette DeMaiter, Alice Denys, William Eichenberg, Mary Fardella, Marguerite Foreman, John Fody, Marian Franklin, Amelia Gerhardt, Richard Gibson, Margaret Gunstone, Jo-Anne Hunter, Charles Ketchabaw, Betty Leatherdale, Sally McQueen, Ruby Makins, Russell Mannell, Ruth Monk, Helen Pettifer, Jean Pettman, Ronald Prickett, Richard Rokeby, Jean Scrimgeour, Elizabeth Smith, Harvey Smith, Marilyn Stilwell, Charles Swatridge, Vivian Thompson, Marjorie Warren, Kenneth Webster, Betty Williams.

Intermediate Certificates—Laurel Agur, John Alexander, Jean Anderson, Mary Ball, Jack Bell, Raymond Bennell, Patricia Boughner, Viola Bradt, Lorene Bridge, Lois Brinn, Betty Burn, Olive Burnett, Irene Buskiewiez, Donald Chalk, Gerald

Chapman, Margaret Cooper, Muriel Cooper, Margaret Dawson, Irma Fazakas, Jack Fish, William Fishback, William Franklin, John Garnham, Melba Garnham, Elizabeth Gibson, Peter Gibson, Patricia Grey, Ella Gyulveszi, George Gyulveszi, Grace Harries, Verne Harvey, Gloria Haycock, Dorothy Helsdon, Joyce Hibbert, William Hilliker, Patricia Hillis, Jean Hollister, Jean Holman, Garry Horlick, Michael Hozer, Earl Hughes, Roy Ingraham, Larry Jackson, Kerene Kelly, Joan Ketchabaw, Hilda Knautz, Joe Kovacs, Dorothy Lambert, Lois Law, George Leatherdale, Leonard Libitz, Donald MacLennan, Irene MacMillan, Jacqueline McDonald, Marilyn Mabee, Noel Mason, Steve Mayorscak, Frances Monk, Bernice Newton, Angela Nichols, Marion Pearce, David Richards, Clifton Ronson, Mary Lou Ryan, Kathleen Sandor, Paul Seres, Allin Sharp, Elizabeth Ann Swatridge, Shirley Tait, Mary Tauras, Maybelle Thompson, Jean Trickett, Tibi Varga, Aldona Vasiliunas, Ivo Vermeersch, Wray Watts, Gerald Webster, Joan Wellman, Beatrice Wilkinson, Cyril Wilkinson, Winnifred Young.

Scholarships donated by Courageous Chapter, I.O.D.E. — Girls' Scholarship — Leone Turner; Boys' Scholarship — Anthony Slama.

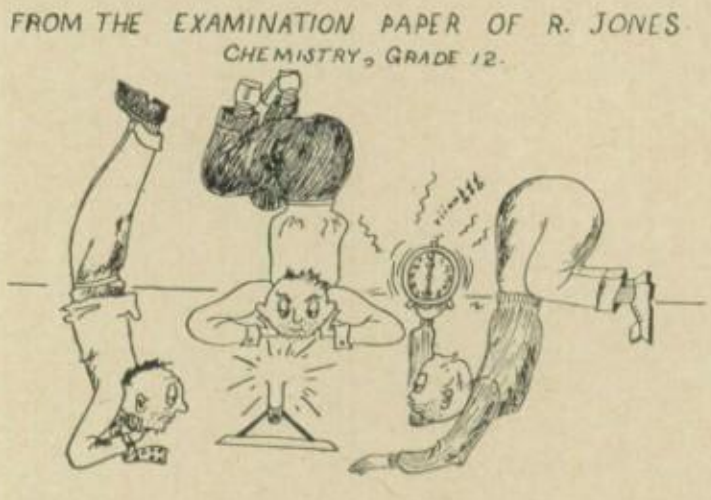
Dominion-Provincial Scholarship — Noel Rokeby.

Proficiency Shields — Grade XIII — Anthony Slama; Grade XII—Richard Rokeby; Grade XI—Richard Jones; Grade X—Kathleen Sandor; Grade IX—Mary Elizabeth McLeod; Special Commercial—Mary Fardella; Grade IX (South Norwich only) — Florence Makins.

Proficiency in Special Subjects—English — Leone Turner; Science — N. Rokeby; Mathematics—A. Slama; French—Anthony Slama; Public Speaking — Richard Jones; Art—R. McLennan; British History—M. E. McLeod.

Prizes in History donated by James H. Wilson Chapter, I.O.D.E.—British History —Mary Elizabeth McLeod; Canadian History—Donald MacLennan.

Athletic and Cadet Awards—Juvenile — (Girls) M. Brown; (Boys) Charles Thomas. Junior — (Girls) M. E. McLeod; (Boys) Peter Gibson, Irving Horton. Intermediate —(Girls) D. Helsdon; (Boys) Gary Miller. Senior — (Girls) J. Denys, N. Warren; (Boys) Ronald Prickett.



"After standing inverted for twenty-four hours, we observed that the water rose one-half an inch in the test tube."

Crests for Marksmanship — Reginald Mason, Joe Slacak, Dalton Murr.

Orchestra—First prize Trophy at Oxford County Musical Festival.

Basketball — W. O. S. S. A. Senior "B" Championship 1949.

Doug Eckel was sitting at the back of the room, coughing loudly.

Miss McIntosh: What have you in your mouth?

Doug: A cough-candy.

Miss McIntosh: (sarcastically) And is it doing you any good?

Doug: Sure, it's making me cough, isn't it?

Just before the game, the stupid girl asked a Tillsonburg fan: "Who are those men in the blue and white striped shirts?"

Tillsonburg fan: "They're the referees."

After the T.D.H.S. cagers had absorbed a terrific defeat, she asked, "Did you say those two men were the referees?"

Disgusted Tillsonburg fan: "No, they're players for the other team!"

"Ode to Homework"

(with apologies to Edgar A. Guest)

Late into bed,
Early to rise,
Heavies the head,
Reddens the eyes!

Question of the year: What happened to the Tillsonburg High School Orchestra this year?

Anniversary Edition
11 A 1950-1960

TATLER

Tillsonburg District
High School

March 1960

Price 10 cents (high cost of living)

Editor ..... Margaret Cooper
Assistant ..... Joyce Hibbert
Managing Editor ..... Elizabeth Gibson
Women's Editor ..... Muriel Cooper
Sports Editor ..... Dorothy Helsdon

Noted Local Orator Wins World Applause

It has been announced that Miss Joyce Hibbert has just been named "most outstanding orator and journalist in the English-speaking countries." We all remember her debut here in our own little town.

The Marriage Bureau

by Jack Bell

Latest to obtain marriage licences have been Miss Lois Brinn, the future bride of Mr. William Franklin, Mr. Donald Chalk who is taking as his bride Miss Jean Trickett, and Angela Nichols who is to become the charming wife of Mr. Garry Horlick.

Over The Teacups

by Irma Fazakas

Laurel Agur has just returned from her position as a French interpreter at the United Nations.

Mr. James Martin has recently received first prize in speed typewriting. He can now do ten words a minute.

Miss Gloria Haycock recently entertained at her home on 221 Alexander Street. Present were Mr. Allin Sharp, designer of marcels for men, Dr. John Alexander, the noted dentist, and Mr. Leonard Libitz, the poor man's John D. Rockefeller.

We have just received word that local dress designer Mary Lou Ryan has made good in New York with gowns modelled by Powers model Patricia Boughner.

Miss Betty Burn, hostess at the Hotel D'Arlyngton, is planning a reception to welcome home Steve Mayorcsak, the noted speed demon, who was recently reported lost in the Arctic.

Personals

Ella, come home. I need you. Raymond.

Former T.D.H.S. Students Win Ovation At Carnegie Hall

Mr. William Hilliker and Miss Elizabeth Gibson achieved world acclaim with their violin debut in Carnegie Hall recently.

The Sick Room

The Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Minn., recently arrived in town to review the case of Miss Jean Anderson who was stricken with an acute attack of the giggles three months ago and has not stopped yet.

Sports

by John Garnham

Word has come from Switzerland that Dorothy Helsdon and Pat Grey captured the Women's Trophies at the recent Olympics. A grand ovation is awaiting them here at home.

Miscellaneous

by Melba Garnham

Miss Patricia Hillis announces the opening of "Patty's Party Frocks."

Miss Lorene Bridge's "Lorie's Little Lollipop" candy store opens to-morrow at nine a.m.

$$$$ Win $10,000 ! $$$$

Local boy, Jack Fish, after careful observation, wins $10,000 in guessing which Cooper twin has the Phoni. Can YOU ? ? ?

HUMOUR

Edited by Richard Rokeby, XIII

The Grade 10 English class was studying the following passage from **Evangeline:**

"Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written,
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and sorrow."

Mrs. Barkman—What did Gabriel intend to do?

Don Crossett (hurriedly)—Comb his hair.

Mr. Sinclair—Quote one of Dalton's atomic laws.

Unus ex discipulis—The atom is invisible.

Sonny—"Dad, what do you call a man who drives a car?"

Dad—(a pedestrian): "It all depends on how close he comes to me, my boy."

Mr. Sinclair—"Light from the sun travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Isn't that a tremendous speed?"

Bill Franklin—"Oh, I don't know. It's downhill all the way."

"I advise you," said the doctor to Ken. Webster, "to bury yourself in your work."

"Gulp!" said Ken. "And me a cement mixer."

There are three sides to every story—his, yours, and the truth.

Mr. Kirkwood—"How does your head feel today?"

Bill Mackie—"Very well, sir."

Mr. Kirkwood—"It should. It should be as good as new—you've never used it!"

Tourist—"What a quaint little village, this Straffordville. Truly one half the world doesn't know how the other lives."

Andy Choma—"Not in this village. Not in this village!"

Mr. Hay: "If you got your hands on the ball in the middle of the field, what would you do?"

Pete Gibson: "I'd give three cheers and go home."

Mr. Hay: "Why?"

Pete: "Because if I ever got my hands on the ball on the field, it would be after the game had ended."

Mr. Hay (Discussing important inventions since 1850): "Can anyone think of any other outstanding developments in office gadgets?"

Cliff Russ: "Secretaries."

Walt Berko: "What did you do in Latin while I was away?"

Jim Jones: "We studied 'Atlas Becomes a Mountain,' or 'Atlas Grows Up'."

Berko: "Sounds interesting."

Jones: "Yes, he was quite a hillbilly."

Overheard on a players' bus a few days after the heavy ice storm:

Doug Eckel: "Gosh! Look at all those hydro lines down. They'll probably have to put up new ones."

Bob McLennan: "They should get Russ Mannell."

Doug: "Why?"

Bob: "He can string a line better than anyone I know."

Jim: "Did you hear about Miss Field?"

Walt: "No."

Jim: "She took to the air."

Walt: "Oh?"

Jim: "She has flu."

Mr. Sinclair, demonstrating heat of impact, "I'll hold this piece of copper on the anvil and when I nod my head, you hit it with the hammer."

Mr. Hay—What was the importance of the Boston Tea Party?

Joyce P.—Everyone had to drink coffee.

Wife—(to a retired farmer who has moved to the city).

Better get up, Pa, and get the furnace going.

Farmer—No, sir! Might as well take advantage of this city life and let the firemen do it.

(When a question is not understood.

First Former—Pardon, sir, but I did not understand you.

Second Former—Will you please repeat the question?

Third Former—What, sir?

Fourth Former—Huh?

Fifth Former—Z-Z-Z-Z (snore).

The sofa sagged in the centre:—
The shades were pulled just so:
The family had retired:
The parlor lights burned low:
There came a noise from the sofa:
As the clock was striking two:
And the student slammed her text book
With a thankful, "Well, I'm through!"

Mr. Hay—Who is the oldest settler in the West?

Violet Denys—The sun.

Miss Field—Why does a chimney smoke?

Bill Mackie—Because it can't chew.

Miss Rock—If a man is six feet tall, how long are his legs?

First Former—Long enough to reach the ground.

Mr. Kirkwood—This law is called the Law of Gravitation and it is gravity that keeps objects on the earth.

Ken. Webster—What did people do before they passed the Law of Gravitation?

Mr. Hay—What purpose does the Arctic serve?

George Buckrell—It provides a home for the Eskimos.

Mr. Sinclair, at the end of Chemistry class—Acetic acid is a strong-smelling acid. Here's a bottle of it; you might smell it before you pass out.

Census taker—"How many in your family?"

Woman—"Five, me, the old man, our kid, the cow, and the cat."

Census taker—"What's your politics?"

Woman—"I'm Liberal, the old man's Conservative, the kid's wet, the cow's dry, and the cat's a populist."

Doug Eckel handed in the following as the principal parts of a Latin verb: Slippeo, slippers, falli, bumpum.

The returned paper read: "Fallio, failere, flunci, suspendum."

Mr. Sinclair—(to a misbehaving math student): Stand up!

Math Student—Yes, sir.

Mr. Sinclair—Sit down!

Math Student—Yes, sir.

Mr. Sinclair—Stand up! Sit down! stand up! Sit down!

Math Student—(Yes, sir) 4.

To J. Chambers

In Grade XII there is a lad
Whose homework is done by his dad,
He's crazy for sports
Looks dandy in shorts
And he's wild with the women, by gad.

Walt Berko, XII.

Dick Gibson—Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!

Bill Eichenberg—No doubt you could pass for one.

In a mathematics class, Herb Horlick stands up to ask how to do one of the Algebra questions.

Herb Horlick—Mr. Alexander, would you please tell me how to do number ten?

Mr. Alexander—In that question you are supposed to make a diagram and mark the width X and the length $4X + 8$.

Herb—Yes, sir, but that's the question about the cows.

Miss Grieve—What are you looking at, Bill?

Bill Newman—It's snowing.

Miss Grieve—Haven't you seen it snow before?

Bill—Yes! but it was raining yesterday.

MUSIC

Edited by Elizabeth Simmons, XII

Music ! Music ! Music !

Elizabeth Simmons, XII

Today if a song strikes you as familiar, it is probably a classic with a different tempo and set to words, or it is the revival of a song written a few years ago. While we're on the subject of revision, is there anyone who hasn't felt a thrill hearing Tony Martin render "There's No Tomorrow," the currently popular version of the Italian love song "O Sole Mio," or Vic Damone sing "You're Breaking My Heart" also translated from Italian? Also there are the instrumentals such as "Sabre Dance Boogie" arranged by Louis Musch for Freddy Martin and his Orchestra from Sabre Dance in the "Gayne Ballet," and "12th Street Rag" played in jazz rhythm. Who knows, maybe next year this song will be brought out again in its original state with the other "rags" and Dixie Land songs rapidly becoming popular.

While some song writers were busy rewriting, others have been going mad trying to think of different music. We thought they had reached their limit with "Mule Train" but that was before Frankie Laine introduced "Cry of the Wild Goose. I wonder if the composer read "Call of the Wilderness," writter by Gilbert Parker?

Choice of music seems to be reverting to the type played about two decades ago. If this continues, in about a century people will be doing the minuet and waltz again in swirling elaborate robes.

—o—

Musical Quiz

1. What does one need to unlock a door?
2. What does one do with a tape-line?
3. What should one write upon the receipt of a gift?
4. What word would describe the point of a pin?
5. What should one do when one is tired?
6. What waits for no one?
7. What is the teaching faculty of the school sometimes called?
8. What is the term given to the number of points made in a game?
9. What is likely to happen to an old car tire?
10. What instrument is used for weighing?

"Music, the Universal Language of Mankind"

The Tillsonburg Canadian Concert Association had the above quotation on the concert programs used in their first attempt to bring brilliant Canadian artists here. The series of concerts commenced with Howard Cable and his Canadian Symphonette. The concert auditorium, St. Paul's United Church, was filled to overflowing with music lovers. The concert was a pronounced success and Mr. Cable and the Symphonette were obliged to give three encores before the audience was satisfied.

Tillsonburg was honoured by having Miss Evelyn Pasen, young Toronto mezzo-soprano, and Gordon Kushner, another noted Canadian artist, who was Miss Pasen's accompanist besides playing his own piano renditions. Both artists had great talent and pleasing personalities, necessary for real success.

Halina Bilochetsky, thirteen-year-old prodigy of the violin, and Lawrence Felton, baritone, were the artists for the third concert. The violinist's ability was truly remarkable and Mr. Felton had a fine, impressive voice.

For the fourth concert, Andrew MacMillan, baritone, and Miss Rachel Cavalho, pianist, favoured us with their magnificent artistry. In my opinion, the program was superb and ended much too soon. Their hard work and ability were evident throughout the performance.

The concerts were really a success and it is hoped that there will be many more of them. They have brought genuine musical culture to many people who could only otherwise hear good music on the radio.

Throughout the series of concerts, a number of high school students ushered for the performances. We should like to see Tillsonburg District High School sponsoring concerts in their new auditorium in the near future.

E.P.S.

My Opinion of Jazz

Everyone, I think, agrees that jazz has, and will continue to have, its proper time and place. That jazz is capturing an almost overbearing position in modern musical tastes is another more serious aspect.

Although I thoroughly enjoy and appreciate classical music from Bach to Gilbert and Sullivan, I feel that, for the teen-age generation especially, no other arrangement of lyrics and tunes, can replace the currently-popular jazz ballad. Although disguised under thousands of eye-catching titles, the chief essentials of modern music seem to be an emphasized beat and a romantic theme. Thus, as long as people are human, they will be dancing and falling in love and the typical ballad is bound to survive in its simple short-lived varieties. As Shakespeare said, "If music be the food of love, play on."

However, jazz is definitely over-done. When one is exposed to the jumbled nonsensical lyrics accompanied by a screaming trumpet, such as the current "Be-Bop" success or when one attempts to understand the weird disjointed bars of Kenton's "Innovations for 1950", one suddenly wonders if man, instead of advancing, is returning to an ancient, barbarous civilization.

On the other hand, American jazz assisted by the short wave, has offered a strong international link. American popular music, served up by a disc jockey is helping this country win the world's good-will and opinions. Comments and requests have poured into our radio stations from Malaya, from Sweden, from Alaska.

Even when the lyrics are completely unintelligible, people of foreign countries seem to crave the gay rhythmic American melodies. It seems strange that nations whose skilled old masters once led the musical realm, can now be requesting our simple, shoddy "hits".

Consequently, I feel that the arrival of jazz has been accompanied by a disastrous downfall in musical standards. Can any one of today's "Hit-Parade" favourites hope to be sold, two hundred years hence, as Chopin's immortal compositions will be? Will the meteoric rise of American jazz label our twentieth century as a dark age of music? Although I enjoy jazz immensely in its proper place, I fear such results.

Shirley Holland, XIII

A Moment With Malcuzynski

The concert was announced for 8:20 sharp, but not until nearly 8:35 was the auditorium darkened and all attention drawn to the stage where stood the large, black concert grand. Suddenly from the entrance on the left, a thin, frail-looking man darted out, to be met by the excited applause which one would associate with Witold Malcuzynski, the world's greatest living pupil of Paderewski and greatest interpreter of Chopin. The concert was, in fact, being held to commemorate the centenary of the death of Frederic Francois Chopin, and from my seat in the fourth row, I had an excellent view of the entire performance.

Finally, after surveying the audience for several seconds, Mr. Malcuzynski deliberately faced the keys, and commenced playing. The performance of the first number, "Polonaise in E-Flat Minor", could not help but immediately convince the audience of the musician's skill—that is, if the extensive advance billing could have left any skeptics! The burst of applause at its conclusion was typical of the subsequent reactions during the evening.

"Ballade No. 4", one of the concert's longest numbers, seemed able to display fully Malcuzynski's artistic temperament. At the end of this second number, he fairly rebounded from his seat, and made a hurried exit, seemingly oblivious of his several hundred auditors. However, upon his return within a few seconds, he completed the first half of the program by playing Chopin's "B-Minor Sonata". I had thought that perhaps the pianist's unscheduled exit after the Ballade was to indicate that he was omitting the Sonata, but when I had heard it, I was glad that I had been mistaken.

During the ensuing intermission, the ushers — university students — passed through the audience, selling reproductions of a clever pencil drawing of Malcuzynski and explaining that the proceeds of their sale were to go in aid of the Polish Literary Institute of Paris. They told us that at the end of the performance, Mr. Malcuzynski would autograph the pictures.

The second part of the concert was of a somewhat lighter style, for it included two

mazurkas, two etudes, Opus 10, Nos. 2 and 12 (the "Revolutionary Etude"), and the "Waltz in E Flat" (Opus 18).

It is common in such affairs as this to leave the best till last, and Malcuzynski's program was no exception, for it ended with the extremely difficult and spectacular "Scherzo No. 3 in C Sharp Minor". The final chord of this number set off wave after wave of applause which resulted in the illustrious Pole's return for one encore, and then another, and yet a third, until he finally reappeared only to bow, indicating that three encores was the limit.

Immediately, streams of people clutching their souvenir pictures began to make their way towards various doors in quest of their autographs. At last I managed to arrive at the door of the greenroom where the celebrated pianist sat in a low, leather-covered arm chair beside a small table. I was struck by his friendliness as he answered politely any questions or remarks from admirers that time would allow. He was pale, and closeup looked younger than at a distance, although still frail A lone woman (whom I took to be Mrs. Malcuzynski, if indeed there is one) remained placidly and unobtrusively on a chesterfield at the other end of the room. I laid my picture on the table, and his long, lean, white fingers explained a fragment of his skill, as he applied his illegible signature—apparently a mark of greatness! He said that he yas very tired after his performance, and I believed him.

Decorum demanded, of course, that I should not linger to stare at greatness, but at least as I moved towards the steps at the door, I could not help looking back—as I shall in my memory for years to come—upon this exciting moment with Malcuzynski.

Richard Jones, XII.

"My Hit Parade"

Glenn Miller's "In the Mood" is surely reet,
It's an oldie with a rhythmic beat.
"Third Man Theme" is an English tune
By Guy Lombardo; you should hear it soon.
"Tell Me Why" by Ralph Flanagan,
Copying the style of Miller again.
Tony Martin's "There's No Tomorrow"
Fills youths with spine-tingling sorrow.
Running close second to his incomparable style
Vic Damone's vocals will last quite a while.
Doris Day sings the "River Seine"
With a lilting voice that applause does gain.
The haunting words of "Sentimental Me",
By the Ames Brothers, in my heart will always be.
"Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy" by Bing
Gives my Hit Parade an added zing.
"The Cry of the Wild Goose" by Frankie Laine
Stimulates joy in some and in others pain.
"C'est Si Bon" by Danny Kaye
Brings joy like the flowers in May.
My Favourite of course is Mel Torme,
Of him and his vocals much I could say,
In that "velvet fog" I could lose myself long
And it's all done with just a song!

Claire MacEwan, XII.

Answers.

1. Key.
2. Measure.
3. Note.
4. Sharp.
5. Rest.
6. Time.
7. Staff.
8. Score.
9. Flat.
10. Scales.

Elizabeth Gibson, XIA.

A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

faithfully for many years. As an ex-student, I ask you to think rather kindly of it when you pass through its doors for the last time. It will have completed its duties as an educational centre for the Tillsonburg district and at the time of writing, your Board has not arranged for its disposition. But in a country such as ours, we must move on to bigger and better things and I am happy to have had some small part in this progress of secondary education.

In conclusion, I wish to thank your Editor for his kind invitation to bring this message to you, and also to congratulate him and his staff on the publication of "The Tatler." With best wishes for the future of the Student Body and Teaching Staff of the Tillsonburg District High School, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

J. D. VALLEE.

My Eighteen Years

I was born in Montreal but I'm not a French-Canadian and I hate pea soup.

I received my first violin at the age of six, but never really took lessons until the age of nine. We travelled much and that slowed up my musical training. From Montreal we went to Cornwall, to Timmins, then to Frankford, Ontario, and finally to Toronto, where I really grew up (in height anyway)). I took lessons from Professor Chris Dafeff at the Royal Conservatory of Music. Many were the times I came out of the studio with the tears rolling down my cheeks from the bawling out I received because my lesson was poor. But I will never forget him for what he has done for me. He is a great man and a great teacher.

I have performed in many places such as Kingston, Toronto, Montreal, Bowmanville, Trenton, Batavia, Oshawa, Bradford, Sudbury, and North Bay.

In Toronto I have performed at the Masonic Temple, Massey Hall, Eaton Auditorium, Maple Leaf Gardens, Hart House, The Exhibition and in many churches of all religions. I have also entertained at the Mental Hospital in Toronto, The Mercer Reformatory for Women (that was interesting) and at the Bowmanville Penitentiary for Boys.

While in Toronto I belonged to seven different orchestras including The University of Toronto Symphony and two dance orchestras. On top of practising seven times a week with these orchestras I had pupils to teach and performances to play, plus my own practising and school work to do.,

Later I was called to do radio dramatics and was on CFRB for two years as Peter Pan. I also took parts in mystery stories over CKEY. During the war I entertained at army camps and hospitals and did many performances with a minstrel show. To relax in the summer time I joined the Merchant Marine and worked on the lake boats as a deck-hand.

Sports have been a part of my life just as long as music. So far during my high-school training I have participated in track and field, rugby, basketball, baseball and hockey. At Tillsonburg I have only gone in for track and field because other activities have kept me from sports.

This has been a brief glance at my past. What is in store for me in the future is yet to be seen, I would like to enter the school teaching profession and also violin teaching. Then I'll be able to give instead of take.

Yours sincerely,

Steven Choma.

In Memoriam

•

Almost on the eve of the publication of this issue of the **Tatler,** the tragic news reached the **Tatler** staff and the school that Dalton Murr and Bob Laur had lost their lives when Bob's plane crashed on Thursday, June 1st, near Ostrander.

Dalton, a popular member of Grade XIB this year, was active in the school's orchestra and cadet band. Among his out-of-school activities were painting with oils, and scouting. Last year he had attended the World Scout Jamboree in Norway as a member of the Canadian Scout contingent.

A member of Grade XI last year, Bob had not returned to school this year, having decided to devote as much time as possible to flying his own plane. His enthusiasm for flying resulted in his becoming the youngest licensed pilot in Canada. In school he was a valued member of the school's orchestra and band.

Speaking for a school saddened by the sudden and untimely loss of two of its members, the **Tatler** staff extend their deepest sympathy to the sorrowing parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Laur and Mrs. D. Murr.

Steven Chomai

Autographs

Robert B. Henderson D.M.

Gerald K. Webster.

Richard Jones.

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The Night Classes

(A report on the night classes for New Canadians has been given us by Mr. Hay, who with the assistance of Miss McIntosh has again conducted these classes this year.)

For the second consecutive year the High School has offered classes in English and Citizenship for New Canadians, who have recently settled in our area. Others, who have been here for as long as fifteen years have also taken advantage of this opportunity. As students they have been outstanding in their devotion and interest, and have appreciated what has been done for them.

It is to be hoped that these classes may have assisted them to know Canada and its people better, and that in a small way they may have served to help them feel less like strangers. To have had people of almost every European nationality working together for the common purpose of improving themselves and becoming better citizens, has made the night classes a vital part of school-life.

To mark the close of this year's activity, all the students with their teachers were graciously entertained by the Senior Chapter of the I.O.D.E.

"Poem"

"No Time" (taken from "Leisure"?)
What is this life if, full of school
We have no time to stop and fool.
No time to linger in the hall
To shoot a nice great big spit-ball.
No time during week-days even for dating
But maybe, occasionally, we get to go skating.
No time in school to dilly and dally
Even for my sister Sally.
No time to sit in your favourite place
And just look out into open space.
But really it isn't so very bad
For look at all that we will have.

Jane McQueen, XB.

My apologies to W. H. Davies!

Bob Claringbold—Mr. Hay, how do you expect us to study when you make us write out so many assignments?

Mr. Hay—If you would do some studying, you wouldn't have to write out so many assignments.

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Name	Alias	Favourite Expression	Occupation	Habitat	Ambition
Shirley Eichenberg	Butch	Zoom-zoom	Keeping on good terms with Don....	Places?	To keep in style.
Lillian Hogarth	Hogarth	Andy	Going with Andy..	Lower Hall at 10 C	To grow up and control her tongue
Edwina Heckford	Winnie	Shut-up	Relating the latest	10 A	To be a ballet dancer.
Shirley Jones	Two-faced Jones	Hello-o-o	Hunting boys	Any place where there's boys	To marry a man.
Vernon Holmes	Vern	Say-y not bad	Shooting pool	Arena	To be a pool shark.
June Faulkner	Junie	Gee-whiz	Going with Roy....	Scott's Dairy	To speak louder in class.
Herb Horlick	Herb	No guff	Playing hockey	Gym	To go steady.
Colston Hale	Coley	No kidding?	To pay attention in science class....	Roaming the halls	To stand up straight in class.
Eva Heckford	Pug	Be quiet	Homework	10 A	To quit school.
Yvonne Burnett	Mert	Whoozy	Going to church..	Hallways	To answer questions in history.
Bill Smith	Smitty	Watch it	Dating girls	Poolroom	To be an usher.
Dick Cole	The Necker	Wow	Combing his hair	Shows	To get to school on time.
Arabelle Howes	Hippy	You don't say..	Searching for boys	Steve's car	To keep quiet in geography class.
George Buckrell	Buck	Is that right now !	Playing basketball	Hanging out the window	To give a wrong answer in class.
Gretta Bowes	Gret	Al !	Walking the streets	Jessie's Restaurant in Straffordville	To slim down.
Lois Fairbairn	Jake	Say now	Studying for exams	Track	To read a history assignment.

—By Lois Fairbairn.

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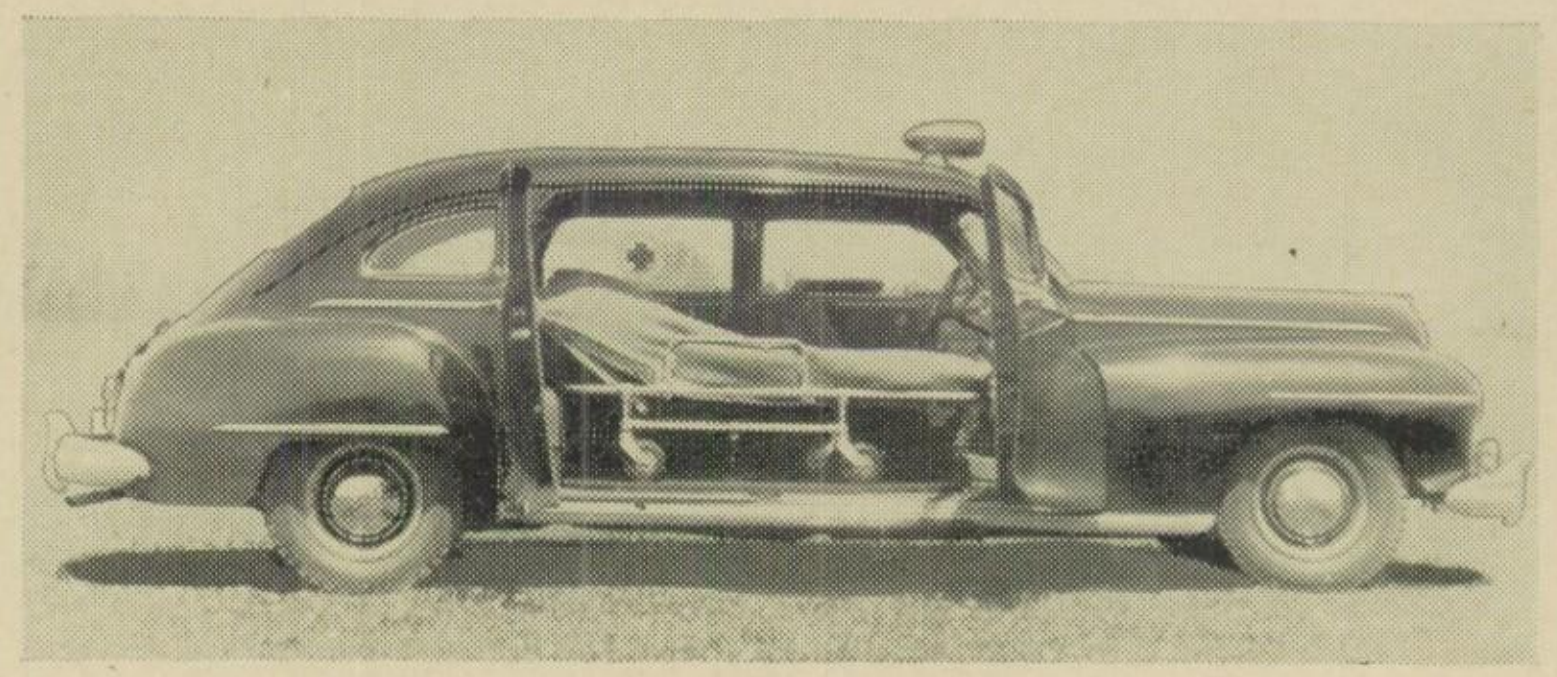

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